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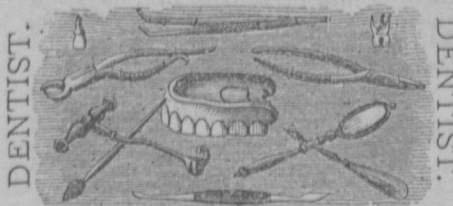
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# The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VIII.

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NUMBER 31.

## POETRY.

### THE MOWING.

The clock has struck six,  
And the morning is fair,  
While the East in red splendor is glowing,  
There's a dew on the grass, and a song in the air—  
Let us be up and off to the mowing.

Would'st thou know why I wait  
Ere the sunlight has crept  
O'er the fields where the daisies are growing?  
Why all night I've kept my own vigils, nor slept?  
'Tis to-day it is the day of the mowing.

This day and this hour  
Maud has promised to tell  
What the blush on her cheek was half showing,  
If she waits at the lane, I'm to know all is well,  
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Maud's mother has said,  
And I'll never deny,  
That a girl's heart there can be no knowing,  
Oh, I care not to live, and I rather would die,  
If Maud does not come to the mowing.

What is it I see?  
'Tis a vision of how a ha—  
In the lane where the poppies are blowing,  
Thank God! it is Maud—she is waiting me there,  
And there'll be a good time at the mowing.

Six years have passed by,  
And I freely declare  
That I scarcely have noticed her going;  
Maud is my wife, with her sheen of brown hair,  
And we had a good time at the mowing.

## STORY TELLER.

### MR. PALMLEAF'S PROPOSAL.

White and glistening, like a mam  
moth bridal veil, the December sun  
lay over all the New Hampshire hills;  
dark and delicate, like the tracery of  
lace work, the leafless woods held up  
their boughs against the dazzling win  
ter sky—and Rev. Peter Palmleaf,  
studying over an embryo sermon in  
his own special sanctum, glanced up  
where a blackbird was whistling in  
the easement, and thought to himself  
what a lovely world the Lord had made,  
when, all of a sudden, a shrill voice  
called through the entry:

"Peter, the horse is ready."  
"What horse?" asked Mr. Palmleaf.  
"Our horse, to be sure," said Miss  
Paulina, his sister.

"What for?" demanded the parson,  
staring through his near-sighted spec  
tacles at the door.

"To take you to Mr. Darrow's."  
"Why am I going to Mr. Darrow's?"  
further questioned the man of theology.

"Well, I never!" said Miss Paulina,  
bouncing into the study with a yellow  
pocket-handkerchief tied around her  
head, and her sleeves rolled in a busi  
ness-like fashion up to her elbows.  
"Peter, you grow more moony and  
absent-minded every day of your life!  
Have you forgotten our discussion at  
the breakfast table? Why, you were  
going to Mr. Darrow's after a girl, to  
be sure."

"A—girl!" repeated the young min  
ister, dreamily, rubbing his forehead.  
"Oh, I do recall something of the con  
versation. A hired girl."

"Yes," nodded the lady, briskly.  
"She's going to leave Mr. Darrow's  
this morning because the family is so  
large and work so heavy. She can't  
find that fault with our establishment,  
I guess. Ask her how much wages  
she wants, and how old she is, and  
ask her whether she has any followers  
—a follower is the one thing I can't  
tolerate, tell her, and be sure you  
bring her back, and her bundle. I  
must have some person to help me be  
fore Cousin Philinda's folks come from  
the city."

"But suppose she won't come!" said  
the young minister, dubiously, sitting  
on the fingers of his gloves.  
"Then you must make her come,"  
said Miss Paulina, hurriedly retreat  
ing to look after a certain kettle which  
was noisily boiling over at the back of  
the house.

And thus charged with his mission,  
Rev. Peter Palmleaf got into the cutter  
and jingled merrily away.  
Mr. Darrow's farm-house nestled  
under a hill, in the protecting shadow  
of a cluster of evergreens, with a great  
fence in front of it, a red barn at the  
rear, and a perfect colony of dove  
houses at the sunny southern angle;  
and Mr. Darrow himself, a ruddy  
faced, elderly man, with a fringe of  
white whiskers around his chin, was  
shoveling away the pearly masses of  
snow in front of his door.

"Eh!" said Mr. Darrow, leaning on  
the handle of his spade, as the bells  
jingled up in front of his gate, and  
then stopped. "How! Why, it's the  
minister! Good morning, Mr. Palm  
leaf—good morning! That there Sun  
day sermon of yours was a master  
piece. Me and Squire Sennex—"

"Yes," said Mr. Palmleaf, leisurely  
alighting, and tying the horse to the  
post. "But I have called on business  
this morning."  
For Mr. Palmleaf was emphatically  
a man of one idea, and for the time  
being the 'hired girl' had chased all  
the theology out of his head.

"Eh!" said Mr. Darrow, "business?"  
"I've come after a young woman,"  
said the minister.  
Mr. Darrow dropped his spade in  
the middle of a snow drift.

"Do you mean Dolly?" he said.  
"If that's her name—yes," asserted  
the minister solemnly.

"You don't mean that—it's to be an  
engagement!" cried Mr. Darrow.  
"Well, yes—that is if we suit each  
other," said Mr. Palmleaf, mildly.  
"Jerusalem!" said Mr. Darrow, who  
had heard that Mr. Palmleaf, like most  
men of genius, was an "eccentric,"  
but had never realized it before.

"Have you spoken to her?"  
"Certainly not!" answered Mr. Palm  
leaf. "Of course I shouldn't think of  
such a thing without seeing you first."  
"Very straightforward of you, I'm  
sure," said the farmer. "But, of course,  
I can have no objection if Dolly her  
self is suited. Though," and he smote  
one red-mitted hand upon his knee,  
"now I come to think of it, you've  
never seen Dolly!"

"No!" said the minister, serenely.  
"But that need make no difference."  
"Jerusalem!" again uttered the  
farmer. It wasn't the way I used to  
look at things when I was a young  
man."

"Tastes differ," said Mr. Palmleaf,  
a little impatient at this lengthened dis  
cussion. "Can I see the young wom  
an?"

"Oh, of course you can see her,"  
said Mr. Darrow. "She's in the dairy,  
skimming milk. Dolly! Dolly!" rais  
ing his voice to a bellow. "Here's the  
Rev. Mr. Palmleaf wants to see you!  
There's the door just to the left, sir."

And, in his near-sighted way, the  
minister stumbled into Farmer Dar  
row's dairy, where a rosy-cheeked girl,  
with jet black hair brushed away from  
a low, olive-dark brow, and eyes like  
pools of sherry wine, was skimming  
the cream from multitudinous milk  
pans into a huge stone pot. "Young  
woman," said Mr. Palmleaf, turning  
his spectacles upon her amazed face,  
"do you want to engage yourself?"

"Sir?" said Dolly, her spoon com  
ing to an abrupt standstill, amid the  
wrinkly and leather-like folds of the  
cream on a particular pan.

"In other words," explained Mr.  
Palmleaf, "do you want a good home?"  
"Indeed, sir, I never thought of  
such a thing!" said Dolly all in a flur  
ry.

"How old are you?" questioned Mr.  
Palmleaf.

"I am eighteen," said Dolly, in some  
confusion.

"Have you had followers?"  
"Sir?" fluttered Dolly.

"Boanx, I mean," elaborately ex  
plained the clergyman.  
"Of course, I haven't," said Dolly,  
half inclined to laugh, half to be angry.  
"Then I think you'll suit me," said  
Mr. Palmleaf; "or, rather, my sister.  
Our family is not large; the work is  
light, and Paulina is a most consider  
ate mistress. Get your bundle."

"My—what?" said Dolly, in bewil  
derment.

"Your clothes. I am to take you  
back with me immediately," said Mr.  
Palmleaf. "Paulina expects company.  
It is essential that we obtain help at  
once."

Dolly Darrow looked up with cheeks  
crimsoned like any rose, eyes full of  
deep, brown sparkles, and around  
which danced a perfect galaxy of dim  
ples.

"Wait a minute," said she.  
"Certainly," said Mr. Palmleaf.  
And he sat down on a wooden stool  
in the corner, and fell to meditating  
on the "thirldy" of his uncompleted  
sermon, while Dolly sped up the stairs,  
three steps at a time.

"Father," cried she, flying into the  
presence of her parents, "the minis  
ter has taken me for Bridget."

"Eh?" said Mr. Darrow.

"And he wants to hire me," said  
Dolly, with eyes gleaming with fun.  
"And I'm going! Quick—where's  
my hat, and my shawl, and mufflers."

Mrs. Darrow rose up, in all the maj  
esty of her black silk gown and gold  
watch-chain.

"Dorothy Darrow," said she, "you're  
never going to hire out as a servant!"  
"Yes, I am," said Dolly. "It's better  
than private theatricals. He's so nice  
and absent-minded, and Miss Paulina  
is a jewel? Oh, do make haste, or he'll  
be tired of waiting."

And Dolly succeeded in carrying  
her point. Fifteen minutes later she  
got into the sleigh with a big bundle,  
which Mr. Palmleaf stowed snugly  
under the seat, and then the minister  
drove home with secret exultation.

Miss Paulina was in the kitchen, fry  
ing sausage for dinner, when Dorothy  
Darrow walked in, with cheeks like  
carnations, hair blown over her face,  
and the bundle under her arm.

"Here I am, Miss Palmleaf," said  
she. "The hired help at your service."

Miss Paulina stared.  
"Why, it's Dorothy," said she. And  
I sent Peter after—"

"Yes, I know," said dolly brightly.  
"But Bridget was gone, and he mis  
took me for her, and he has engaged  
me to work here. And, Oh, Miss Pau  
lina, please don't deceive him, be  
cause I am a smart little housekeeper,  
and I can help you just as much as  
any Irish girl could. Just give me a  
trial, that's all."

Miss Paulina had a shrewd apprecia

tion of a joke; her hard features re  
laxed with a smile as she stood look  
ing down at the radiant little burnette.  
"Well," said she, "I don't mind if I  
do."

For one month Dorothy Darrow of  
ficiated as hired girl at the parsonage.  
Then she came to the clergyman one  
day.

"Mr. Palmleaf," said she, "I am go  
ing to leave the place."

Mr. Palmleaf looked up in amaze  
ment and dismay.  
"I hope, Dolly," said he, "that nei  
ther I nor my sister have unwittingly  
offended you?"

"No," said Dolly, patting her little  
foot on the staring green leaves in the  
study carpet; "but, oh, Mr. Palmleaf,  
I have done so wrong, and I do ear  
nestly beg your pardon."

"Dolly!" cried out the Reverend  
Peter, in surprise.

"Because you are so good and true,"  
sobbed the girl; "and I am not a hir  
ed girl, and I only came here for a  
joke, and I can't bear to think I'm de  
ceiving you!"

And Dolly began to cry piteously  
behind the corner of her apron.

"You came here for a joke, eh?"  
said the minister.

"Yes," confessed Dolly, behind her  
apron.  
"Well, then," said the minister, gen  
tly drawing her toward him, "suppose  
you stay in earnest?"

"Sir!" faltered Dolly.  
"My dear," said Mr. Palmleaf, "I  
have got used to having you around,  
and I should miss you terribly if you  
should leave us. Do you think I am  
too old to think of a blooming young  
wife like you?"

"Not a bit!" cried Dolly indignantly.

"Old—like you!"

"Do you like me a little bit?"

"A great deal," said Dolly, laughing  
and blushing.

"Then you will stay with me always?"

And Dolly promised that she would.  
Everybody wondered how so bashful  
a man as Reverend Mr. Palmleaf ever  
mustered courage for a proposal; but  
nobody knew that the "engagement"  
began for a joke and turned out in  
sober earnest.

## DEATH OF MRS. HATTIE ALLISON.

JACKSON, Tenn., July 21, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am requested  
by Mr. Stephen Pate and several par  
ties with whom I am slightly acquaint  
ed to mention the sad death of Mrs.  
Hattie Allison. She died of malarial  
fever at 5 o'clock on the morning of  
the 17th of this month. She has done  
well in this world, was a good woman,  
and a Christian. She was educated at  
the Tennessee Institution, and has  
been married for 7 years. Her death  
is deeply felt. She left a husband, a  
son, and a baby eight months old to  
mourn her loss. To Mr. J. M. Allison  
the world is as if it was not. It is  
easy to die any death if good can come  
that way to the one we love. God is  
a potentate indeed.

Hattie was not, except in name, as  
it seemed to her before death. Her  
good deeds were many, and I think  
she thanks her Master. She has re  
ceived good compensation therefor in  
heaven. The grief of the ages have  
covered her with mire. Her days have  
passed away, and she has gone into  
realms of joy and peace. She was very  
happy in this life, but had a restless  
spirit. I hope that she is now at rest  
with the angels who weep in the pos  
session of love for the fallen ones, and  
who are ever beseeching God to in  
crease their power of goodness to  
help the world, and to bring all the  
creatures of God's love into one blest  
companionship of joy.

I hope many more deaf-mutes will  
learn to be Christians, and will ask all  
weak and erring friends of God's crea  
tion to give up wickedness, to chase  
away the devil, to flee from all tempta  
tions, and to follow God.

THOMAS HOGGARTH.

## TRAMPS VS. DEAF-MUTES.

[From the Annals.]

In the stringent laws recently enact  
ed in several States for the repression  
of tramps and beggars, an exception is  
made in favor of various unfortunate  
classes of humanity, among whom we  
regret to see that the deaf and dumb  
are included. There is no reason why  
able-bodied deaf-mutes should not have  
a settled home and support themselves  
by honest labor, as we are happy to  
say the great majority of them do.  
While the legislators who made this  
exception were doubtless influenced  
by a kindly impulse, the effect of their  
action is to insult a respectable class  
of the community, who neither need  
nor desire such favors; to encourage  
in habits of idleness and vagrancy the  
few among them who are already in  
clined thereto; and to suggest an easy  
mode of imposture to swindlers in  
general, many of whom by feigning  
the misfortune will bring great and  
undeserved discredit upon the deaf, and  
dumb as a class.

Say nothing about your troubles;  
people do not like to have unfortunate  
friends.

## Our Chicago Letter.

HOW NINE DEAF-MUTES SPENT THE FOURTH  
OF JULY.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—If such a thing  
as leisure was handy to a clerk in a  
railroad office I would have written  
this letter two weeks ago.

I only want to describe our 4th of  
July fun and frolic. Most of us had  
a good time generally, but we had no  
preconcerted plan of operations. Some  
of us went one way and some another.

A few took a steamer ride on the lake  
to Evanston, 17 miles north of this  
city, on the lake shore. Some took  
short excursions out on the lake. Some  
went to the White Stocking Base-Ball  
Park to see the Boston bean eaters  
wallop our "big beeves" by a score of  
4 to 3. Some stayed at home and  
snoozed.

A party of nine took the elegant lit  
tle floating palace Corona for a ride to  
Michigan City, Ind. The party con  
sisted of Miss Lillie Iverson, Messrs.  
John Heinlein, Henry Beaman, James  
and William Gibney, Edward Levi,  
myself, wife, and her little brother,  
Bertie Hathaway.

The morning of the 4th was dark  
and gloomy. It had been raining all  
night, but we had decided to go with  
or without the permission of the weath  
er clerk. We reached our steamer  
with just 5 minutes to spare. The  
voyage was a cool one, and would have  
been delightful but for the fact that  
we were not accustomed to the rock  
ing motion of the boat. The lake was  
rather rough on the excursionists.

The wash basins of the state-rooms  
got into vigorous demand. One walk  
ing through the cabin would imagine  
that the yellow fever was on board  
and everybody was down with it. The  
deaf-mutes stood it remarkably well.  
None of us got seasick except the lit  
tle fellow. This may, in part, be ac  
counted for by the fact that some of  
us in our haste to catch the boat at 6  
A. M. sharp had not time to get break  
fast. It would probably have been  
useless to do so. The distance was  
about 40 miles, and it was made in  
four hours. As we went along the  
sky began to clear, and when we ar  
rived at our destination Old Sol was  
shining in all his glory.

At the dock we were all welcomed  
by the genial E. N. Bowes, who invit  
ed us to his residence. Thither we  
repaired, and such of us as felt hungry,  
on account of not having had break  
fast, were treated to an appetizing  
lunch, all of which was turned into  
nourishment for the inner man instead  
of being used as food for fish.

Michigan City had arranged for a  
grand old-fashioned Fourth of July  
celebration, at which there were to be  
speeches, parades, processions, athlet  
ic contests, ice-cream, and lemonade,  
not to mention fire-crackers, pop-guns  
and artillery. Thousands of gaily-at  
tired rustics were attracted from the  
surrounding country. The little vil  
lage was literally swarming with en  
thusiastic humanity. Besides the de  
legation from Chicago, there were 12  
other deaf-mutes at Mr. Bowes' re  
sidence when we got there. Their names  
were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Schuster,  
Mr. and Mrs. Barnum Cross, Mr. and  
Mrs. Jasper Cross, Mr. Joshua C.  
Loving, Mr. Jacob Hanley, Miss. Huda  
Swanson, Mr. H. Whitmore, Mr.  
Jesse Cross, and Mr. and Mrs. E. N.  
Bowes, all of La Porte county, Ind.

They are as fine a lot of deaf-mutes,  
in point of intelligence and hospitality,  
as any county can boast of. They en  
tertained us in right royal style.  
We spent most of the day mingling  
with the crowd and seeing the gay  
sights of the occasion. There were  
foot-races, sack-races, tug-races, wheel  
barrow-races, tub races, and all sorts  
of races, and a fine 3-mile and 1-mile  
pedestrian contest. At night the dis  
play of fire-works was brilliant in the  
extreme. Many a gay-colored fire bal  
loon soared high above the church  
spires and floated away until it looked  
no larger than a diamond in the sky.

Michigan City has several points of  
attraction. It is a cozy-looking little  
place. Its principal street is paved  
with heavy planks, stacked as closely  
together as a floor, and it is very smooth  
for pleasure driving. It is almost com  
pletely devoid of daylight by the dense  
foliage of overhanging trees. The resi  
dents take special pains to make their  
yards look neat and attractive. The  
Indiana State Prison and the Michi  
gan Central Railroad car shops are lo  
cated there. One thing that attract  
ed considerable curiosity was the  
Hoosier slide, which is nothing but a  
hill of loose sand, similar to that which  
lines the sea-shore, piled up to a  
height of nearly 200 feet. It over  
looks the entire city, commands a mag  
nificent view of the country for miles  
around, and looks leagues away up the  
clear waters of our inland sea. It rises  
almost perpendicularly from the edge  
of the lake. It was a source of  
wonderment to me to contemplate how  
it got there and how it stays there in  
stead of crumbling away under the in  
fluence of wind and rain. Some of us  
undertook to climb to the top. It was

a tough job to be sure, when at every  
step the loose sand yielded under our  
feet. We were rewarded for our  
trouble by as fine a landscape as any  
one would wish to see. We had noth  
ing to do but to slide down again and  
how easy to fall.

In the afternoon Mr. Bowes and his  
estimable wife collected us in his din  
ing-room to help discuss a toothsome  
Fourth of July dinner. We all did  
ample justice to it, and voted it a suc  
cess. In fact there was no intermis  
sion of merry making the whole day  
long. About 10 o'clock we had to re  
turn to our boat, and we then steam  
ed out on the bosom of the lake, with  
a bright moon shining through a sky  
of cloudless purity, and home we sped.  
D. W. GEORGE.

Chicago, Ill., July 19, 1879.

## NATIONAL CONVENTION.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Your timely edi  
torial on the subject of a national  
convention for deaf-mutes was read  
by me, and, I have no doubt by hun  
dreds of others also, with a great deal  
of interest. It is just the thing for  
the injustice done our class of pupils  
can be plainly seen by those who wish  
to see, and, I blush to say it, there  
are some pretended friends of the  
mutes who, when glaring wrongs are  
done them, find it to their interest to  
be as blind as bats in the day time.  
These shams the convention could  
point out so that in the future they  
could be avoided, and besides trans  
acting other business which comes be  
fore it. Mr. White's suggestion that  
a few minutes from different parts of  
the country, in whom the majority  
have confidence, should be formed in  
to a committee of arrangements is an  
excellent idea and should be carried  
out, though in other respects I do not  
agree with him.

The first convention should, in my  
judgment, be held in this the Em  
pire State, which, with Ohio, Pennsylv  
ania and New England will send the  
majority of the delegates who attend;  
besides, at the smallest possible cost,  
it is easily reached from these places.  
Then, after the convention adjourns,  
many will undoubtedly like to visit  
some of the famous watering-places,  
which abound in this State. This  
they can do at a very slight additional  
expense. While not denying the  
numerous attractions in other por  
tions of the country, I think that the  
old maxim, "the greatest good to the  
greatest number," should be carried  
out, and this, if the convention is held  
at all, can be done by holding it in  
this State. Still, if the majority  
think it best to hold it elsewhere I'll  
bow in submission to their superior  
wisdom and act accordingly. Those  
associations which hold conventions  
this year should take the first steps  
in this movement, and then half the  
work will be done. OSKOLA.

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 15, 1879

## QUICK WIT WINS.

Years ago, into a wholesale grocery  
store in Boston walked a tall, muscu  
lar-looking man, evidently a fresh com  
er from some backwoods town in Maine  
or New Hampshire. Accosting the  
first person he met, who happened to  
be the merchant himself, he asked:

"You don't want to hire a man in  
your store, do you?"

"Well," said the merchant, "I don't  
know what you can do?"

"Do?" said the man; "I rather guess  
I can turn my hand to almost every  
thing—what do you want done?"

"Well, if I was to hire a man, it  
it would be one that could lift well,  
a strong, wiry fellow! one for instance,  
that could shoulder a sack of coffee  
like that yonder, and carry it across  
the floor and never lay it down."

"There, now, Capt'n," said the coun  
tryman, "that's just me. I can lift  
anything I hitch to; you can't suit me  
better. What will you give a man  
that will suit you?"

"I'll tell you," said the merchant:  
"If you will shoulder that sack of cof  
fee and carry it across the store twice  
and never lay it down, I will hire you  
a year at \$100 per month."

"Done," said the stranger, and by  
this time every clerk in the store had  
gathered around and was waiting to  
join in the laugh against the man, who  
walking up to the sack, threw it across  
his shoulders with perfect ease, al  
though extremely heavy, and, walking  
with it twice across the store, went  
quietly to a large hook which was  
fastened to the wall, and hanging it up,  
turned to the merchant and said:

"There, now, it may hang there till  
doomsday, I shall never lay it down.  
What shall I



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1879

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS: One copy, one year, \$1.50. Clubs of ten, 12.50. If not paid within six months, 2.00. These prices are invariable. Remit by post-office money order, or by registered letter. 62 Terms, cash in advance.

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Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

## BUILD UP A HOME.

Right on the start we will state that this article is intended for the deaf and dumb, but if any others wish to profit from it, as no doubt it will apply equally well to many hearing people, of course there can be no objections to their so doing. In this case, our readers being designated by the above explanation, we shall avoid as much as possible a repetition of the term "deaf-mutes." Furthermore we will inform our readers that no "malice" is cherished, and if we should use any strong language our readers will please bear in mind that only good is intended.

"Home" is said to be one of the three sweetest words in the vocabulary of language—the other two being "mother" and "heaven." We are all familiar with the meaning of the word "home," and though we may roam the earth or plow the seas in quest of wealth or pleasure there ever prevails in our hearts a feeling of longing for the quiet happiness, the sacred precincts of that place we call our home, be it a hovel, a cottage, or a mansion. We may plunge into the wreckless life of excitement or wander in a land of strangers, but ever and anon there recur in our mental vision the quiet, happy scenes of home. And, although we may be possessed of a contented spirit, and capable of adapting ourselves to the surroundings among which we may chance to be placed, we all love to have some place which we can call our home.

It being a plain and undeniable fact that a home is a very desirable place, the question may suggest itself to some of our homeless readers "How shall such a necessary object be procured?" This is precisely the question which we have undertaken to answer before being asked to do so. There are, this very moment, large numbers of young and middle-aged men living—or, more properly speaking, simply keeping soul and body together—by an uncertain and precarious process of moving about—tramping—from one place to another, procuring what little sustenance they are able to by the accomplishment of odd jobs of work here and there—and the shorter the jobs the better they are snited—or by outright beggary, often theft, from other people who stay at home and labor for a livelihood, a lion's share of which those lazy, useless vagabonds and self-degraded blood-sucking pests are too willing to share with them; ay, many of them would gladly purloin it entirely from them. More; these good-for-nothing "road agents" and lazy tramps, envying the honest enjoyment of the thrifty and industrious, are ready on every occasion to recite their fancied wrongs or relate their well-made lies of the injustice done them by the world in general and by hearing people in particular. This class of people are a disgrace to themselves, a burden to their friends,—if they have any,—and their folly is manifest to the world; yet many of them, had they not made fools of themselves, might this day have been in undisputed legal possession of comfortable homes, of which they now envy others. With many of this class of persons, although it is not yet too late for their reclamation, there is but little hope for the better, and a large proportion of them are perhaps not worth the time and printers' ink wasted in proclaiming their uselessness and the absolute fools that they are making of themselves.

We now come to talk with another class of persons—"birds of another feather." Hundreds of poor, well-disposed, hard-laboring people live out their natural lives, in a sort of cheerless condition, without, even for once in life, being possessors of homes of their own. To these people we would throw out a few hints as to how

to become owners of homes, and we will include all who have passed through their school years or have arrived at mature manhood.

In the first place we will premise that you are honest, temperate, and not afraid of work. Industry and frugality must be yours, and by a strict adherence to them, sickness and accidents excepted, you will be enabled to possess your own comfortable homes. You must cultivate and practice the art of self denial by eschewing expensive and useless luxuries, which often afford but momentary enjoyment, and save a reasonable proportion of your earnings each year. Put your surplus funds in the safest repository available, where it will accumulate with interest, adding to the capital from your earnings as often as possible. If you are not a sufficient financial manager, or are uninformed as to the safest places for the deposit of money, counsel with your shrewdest, honest hearing friends in regard to such matters—and when you have obtained their opinions do not scorn their well-intended advice and presumptuously inform them that you know more about the world than they. By following these instructions implicitly the chances are that in a few years you will possess a snug little fortune of your own, and quite likely by the time you have arrived at the middle age of life your capital will have so accumulated that you can purchase and pay cash down for a home; and in this move you should also ask, and be willing to receive, the advice of hearing friends of sound judgment, as they may be able to aid you in securing a good bargain.

Having purchased and paid for a home of your own, you will now be prepared to enter into a new field for the enjoyment of earthly comfort and bliss. Your labor will now be pervaded with a sweetness of which you never before dreamed, no matter how comfortably you may have heretofore been provided for by strangers, or how kindly you may have been cared for and entertained among friends. A home of your own! Who that deems life worth clinging to cannot afford to endure a few years' hard toil, practice economy, and apply himself to work for the exquisite delight of its future enjoyments?

But your home purchased clear from incumbrance, do not think your labor is ended. Home is what we make it. As your means will admit add to the beauty, convenience, and comfort of your home. Protect your buildings from the molten heat of mid-summer and the penetrating, chilling blasts of winter by a judicious and properly arranged number of common shade trees and evergreens, taking care that they are not so numerous as to make the house too dark or so near the building as to accelerate decay. Beautify also externally by flower gardens, which require no great outlay of expense nor but little additional labor. Decorate internally with a few choice, but not necessarily costly, house plants. By all means have a good supply of fruit trees, the yield from which add greatly to the health and pleasure of the inmates of the household.

A good kitchen garden, which requires some attention but not much hard labor, is one of the greatest conveniences of life, yielding plenty of fresh vegetables as well as some for winter use, and saves the expense of depending upon the markets for them; besides it often prevents the ill consequences of eating stale vegetables. Moreover the fine vegetables of one's own raising taste sweeter and more delicious than the choicest that can be procured from abroad.

These last instructions are given more particularly upon the supposition that you are but the owner of a village or city home, where your grounds will only admit of following them. If no grounds are attached you will have to omit some portions. If your home consists of a farm you can amplify upon the foregoing hints as to the grounds; and, in all sincerity, our advice is to become farm-owners if possible, such a life bringing with it more of the solid comforts than any other branch of business, professions included. And even if you are a professional man, or engaged in any lucrative business in town or city, you may find it very advantageous to invest at least a portion of your surplus capital in a farm home. In your declining years you can find no more pleasant, healthful, or comfortable home than on a well-located farm, where you may find sweet communion with nature and peacefully and quietly enjoy the fruit of your toil.

We counsel our friends to weigh this matter well in their minds, and trust that if our advice is followed many of them will at some future time own and occupy quiet, happy, comfortable homes.

## The Itinerizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itinerizer.*

Gust. Geyer is said to be the best harness maker in Galesburg, Ill.

John O. David, the New Hampshire deaf-mute missionary, is taking a few weeks' vacation.

Professors Hotchkiss and Dennison are on Roan Mountain in Western North Carolina.

A young girl at Peoria, Ill., was, it is said, frightened into deafness by a party of roughs.

The second annual picnic of the Troy Deaf-Mute Literary Club was held on the 29th inst.

It is rumored that Miss Helen Dunning is to be re-instated as a teacher at the Illinois Institution.

Dr. H. K. Jones, physician for the Illinois Institution, is spending a few weeks at Concord, N. H.

The man who married a deaf and dumb girl said he had got a new, noiseless Domestic sewing-machine.

Gronow Kent, the celebrated fisherman of New Hampshire, is still reported as having good success.

Professor Swiler, of the Illinois Institution, and his family recently spent a few days in St. Louis.

John G. Saxton, of Troy, N. Y., has returned home highly pleased with his visit to East Tennessee.

Miss Fannie Wood, of the Illinois Institution, has improved her health by a few days' rusticating in the country.

Miss Bettie Davis, matron of the Tennessee Institution, is on a visit at Wear's Valley Springs, says one of our correspondents.

The portrait of the new president of the National Deaf and Dumb Society of Great Britain has been inserted in Rev. Samuel Smith's magazine.

The repairs on the Louisiana Institution have been completed, and the building will be ready for occupation at the end of the summer vacation.

Among the Joliet, Ill., walkists last month was a deaf-mute named Smith, which challenged Gaggerty, of Mendota, Ill., by whom he was defeated.

Arch. Woodside, formerly principal of the deaf-mute day school in Pittsburg, succeeded in having the deaf-mutes of that city celebrate the 4th of July.

Mr. McGregor, principal of the day school for deaf-mutes at Cincinnati, O., and his wife are visiting their old friends Professor and Mrs. Westervelt.

Professors Howard and Ellis, of the Western New York Institution, witnessed the game of base-ball July 24th between the New Hop Bitters and the Buffalos, in which the score was 7 to 0 in favor of the former club.

A bogus "deaf-mute" beggar recently infested East Tennessee. He claimed to be so deaf that he could not even feel a noise, in which he out-did himself. He was "taken in" by Knoxville police, and his sense of hearing suddenly restored.

It is said that the Wisconsin Deaf-Mute Alumni Association will not meet in convention this year, the trustees of the Wisconsin Institution claiming that they have not sufficient funds to entertain the convention at the expense of the State.

The *Advance* says the famous author of "What I know about teaching the deaf and dumb" is sick of it; that no one cared to read his "circle of reasoning," and that from beginning to end the article is more unintelligible than the dialects of colored people.

The Independents (deaf-mute base-ball club from Columbus, O.) have given up completing their tour to New York, Washington, and some other cities, disbanded, and gone home. Their last game, and in which they were defeated, was at Albany, N. Y.

A Rockford, Ill., writer in the *Advance* says: "Mr. Tuttle (Jacob Tuttle) put his 'household gods' on several days one day last week and started in quest of a new location, which he found about a mile from his old quarters. The procession wasn't a mile long, however, though there were five teams in the line."

The 55th birthday anniversary of Leopold Loewenstein, a deaf-mute tailor of New York, was celebrated July 18th by all his employees, and also by several deaf-mute friends, who helped in partaking of the rich delicacies. A few evenings later the 35th birthday anniversary of another deaf-mute was celebrated in New York.

Milton A. Jones, of the town of Richland, in this county, has lately been building a large, well-arranged, elephorated barn for hay, grain, and stock. It is to be painted, and when completed will prove a valuable auxiliary to his farm. The building was constructed by W. A. Ward, of Pulaski, N. Y.

Miss Julia Smith, of New Britain, Conn., a graduate of the American Asylum, who made her way to the White Mountains on the 5th inst., spent almost a week and had a splendid time. At present she is making a visit to Miss Bertha H. Treat at Frankfort, Mo., 15 miles from Bangor, and will remain with her for two weeks.

H. C. Nieman, of Mount Jackson, Pa., informs us that a deaf-mute named Ellsworth, 24 years of age, while walking on the railroad track near Youngstown, O., July 4th, was run over by the cars and killed. The writer advises all deaf-mutes to stop walking on the tracks, as when they do so they are always welcomed "very warmly."

Mr. Van Ash is said to be the successful man to take the £500 a year offered by the New Zealand Government for an experienced teacher to instruct her deaf and dumb. He was originally a teacher in an oral school at Rotterdam, and has been in England twenty-two years, first in Manchester, then in London, taking charge of a private school on a small plan.

E. E. Miles, of Syracuse, and C. O. Upham, of Watertown, write to us from Henderson Harbor, on Lake Ontario, that they are luxuriating there and have been "exploring" quite a distance along the shore, and that they have discovered many lovely places. That locality is highly recommended by the writers as a pleasant place of resort for recreation from weary labor.

Miss Harris, a teacher, and Miss Crumbacker, matron at the Maryland Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, came on a visit the day after Mr. McGregor arrived, and all enjoyed a very happy reunion. They had all been associated with each other at that institution for a number of years. Misses H. and C. started the other day for Toronto by boat directly from our landing.

According to the Belleville Intelligencer Mr. S. T. Greene, a teacher at the Ontario Deaf-Mute Institution, located in that city, and Hon. O. H. Lambert, a friend of his, returned home on the night of the 22d inst., after a remarkable cruise of ten days, during which those gentlemen alone sailed the staunch little Zephyr to Oswego.

The return trip across Lake Ontario was made in seven hours and a half.

The notes of North-western Indiana expect to have a picnic at Watford, near Michigan City, on Saturday, August 2d. A good time is anticipated.

The letter from Wauka, Ia., in our last number explains a recent item in relation to R. A. Goodell. It explains why he was wanted in Des Moines.

Mrs. Lawrence N. Jones and step-son Robby, of Richland, Oswego county, N. Y., are visiting the mute brothers and other friends of Mrs. Jones, at Rome, N. Y.

Mrs. Hale, matron of the Minnesota Institution, and her daughter have been visiting at Peninsula, Summit county, O., their old home. Miss Hale has received an appointment as teacher at the State school for imbecile children at Paribault, Minn.

A writer informs us that Mrs. E. F. Ware, of South Weymouth, Mass., has quit sewing and clothes-making in Boston, and does not wish to do any more such work till next fall. She thinks of going to visit friends at South Weymouth.

Industrious home training makes many a convict for our prisons. The following is out from the *Cleveland Leader*: "William Hutton, the nine-year-old son of deaf and dumb parents, was committed to the House of Correction yesterday for incorrigible conduct."

On account of sickness Rev. A. W. Mann has been compelled to cancel several appointments for services. His physician has prescribed rest and quiet for a few weeks. On that account he will be unable to go to New York in August. He was compelled to cancel appointments for Indianapolis, St. Louis, and Chicago.

The Cleveland mutes had an enjoyable picnic on the premises of Mrs. Turner's parents at Berea, O., on Thursday, July 24th. Among those present were Mr. Stewart, of the Ohio Institution, and Mrs. Hanson, widow of Martin M. Hanson, one of the early teachers of the Indiana Institution, who died at Baton Rouge, La., many years ago of yellow fever. The picnic party returned late in the evening.

A fellow somewhat well known to our people is begging money to buy a farm with. He has been at it for some years. When last heard from he was in Eastern Michigan. In another part of the State he succeeded, under misrepresentations, in borrowing some money of a clergyman. The *Journal* has a deep-rooted contempt for all fellows who engage in the low business of begging, through aversion to honest and manly labor.

On the 12th of this month the shifting engine was shifting cars in the station yard, just before the arrival of the special from Truro, a deaf and dumb boy named Crossman, about six years old, son of John Crossman, High street, was run over at High street crossing, and had a portion of his left foot taken off by the cars. The cars first struck the boy's leg below the knee, smashing the bones in the leg. Drs. Ross and Botsford were called, and found that the amputation of the leg just below the knee was necessary.—*Moncton (Can.) Times.*

S. H. Howard, of the Western New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, made a few flying visits in Lyons and Geneva a week ago. He surveyed Mr. Cuddeback's farm at a glance, and compared it with the others along the road. He thought the crops were the largest and finest in that section. His corn looked splendid. Mr. C. said he could make more money on grain than on cheese and butter, which are now selling at bottom prices in nearly every part of this State. It is curious that three hours before Mr. H. got there Mrs. C.'s hired girl, Miss Mary Dugan, a graduate of the New York Institution, was married to an uneducated, but intelligent, deaf-mute named John Jeffery, and the next day the couple rode to Mr. Pimm's on their wedding tour. On the 4th of July Mr. Tuttle, of Geneva, N. Y., had a heart large enough to entertain Mr. H. with a delightful sail on the lovely lake.

FAVORING THE PROJECT.

Letters are now arriving weekly from persons in various parts of the country expressing the writers' good wishes for a national deaf-mute convention. All who write to us in relation to it, are in favor of a convention, and there seems to be no opposition to the project. From present appearances, we feel almost sure that a convention of this kind will be held next year. But it is best to take time for a thorough canvassing of the subject before any very decisive steps are taken. As we have previously said, our columns are open for the agitation of the matter, we would like to hear from educated deaf-mutes near and far all over the country respecting their personal opinions of the proposed convention. At the proper time, after it has been thoroughly agitated, we propose to speak again on this subject.

GRACE CHURCH SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNIC.

The annual Sunday-school picnic of Grace Church, Mexico, will be held at Mexico Point on Wednesday, August 6th, 1879.

The procession will form in front of the church at 9:30 A. M. and proceed at once to the grounds.

Should the weather be unfavorable the picnic will take place on Thursday, August 7th, with the above arrangements.

Everybody is invited to "take you wagons" for your little ones, and for your wives, and bring your father, and come."—Genesis 45: 19.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

EPISCOPAL SERVICES.

Hereafter, until further notice, divine service, with preaching, will be held in the Episcopal Church of this village at the usual hour on Sunday mornings and at 7:30 Sunday evenings.

Every Friday evening prayers will be offered at 7:30, after which rehearsals will take place.

Sunday-school after morning service.

REV. A. A. BROOKWAY.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

St. Ann's, New York, at 3:30 P. M., every Sunday during the summer.

St. Ann's Chapel, Brooklyn, second Sunday of each month at 3 P. M.

St. Andrew's, Harlem, third Sunday, at 4 P. M.

Christ Church, Williamsburg, fourth Sunday, at 3 P. M.

## Local Paragraphs.

Weather sultry, with symptoms of rain soon.

L. L. Virgil has been quite sick for the past two days.

Mr. R. Bews has purchased a farm in the town of Scriba.

The supply of huckleberries here is not very large this year.

Miss Etta Larkin is spending a few days with friends in Rome.

A large amount of coal is being sold and delivered by Penfield and sons.

The complaints about the potato bugs are much less numerous of late.

John Lewis, son of Rev. J. R. Lewis, is visiting friends in Oneida county.

Mallett, of the Mexico House, has several southern summer boarders.

Frank Salladin has lately been putting a water-wheel in his marble shop.

"Wash" Myers has established a fresh fish route, which includes this village.

The prospect in this vicinity is that there will be a light crop of apples this year.

J. B. Taylor and family, of Syracuse, have lately been visiting at Mrs. L. H. Conklin's.

Rainy and threatening weather recently has prevented some of the farmers from finishing their haying.

L. W. Robinson, who is clerking in Hart's dry goods store, Oswego, is at home enjoying a few days' vacation.

Quite a number of persons from Prattville went to Fulton last Sunday to attend the Spiritualists grove meeting.

The big fire in Oswego last Thursday evening was plainly seen in this village by a large number of our citizens.

Mr. S. A. Tuller, of Syracuse, was in town a few days ago, and Mrs. Tuller has recently been visiting friends here.

Under the influence of the rains potatoes have been doing remarkably well, and there is a reasonable prospect of a good crop.

A party of young ladies and gentlemen from this village took a ride to Orwell last Thursday and visited Salmon River Falls.

"Ned" Stone is at home enjoying a few weeks' vacation from his medical studies. He will go to New York again next fall and attend medical lectures.

A. N. Benedict has lately been at home on a short rest. He is now canvassing the town of New Haven for nursery stock. We understand that he is meeting with good success.

The lawsuit of William O. Johnson against Moses Dillon, which has once or twice before been tried, the jury disagreeing, was again tried last week and a verdict was rendered in favor of the plaintiff.

Hon. T. W. Skinner and family returned last week from Thousand Islands, where they spent a couple of weeks very pleasantly. Mr. Skinner has rented both of his summer cottages at the islands.

By a notice published elsewhere in our paper it will be seen that the Episcopal society will hold its annual picnic, the weather being favorable, on Wednesday, August 6th, and to attend which a cordial and general invitation is freely extended.

The Presbyterian society's festival last week Tuesday evening, which was held in the church instead of on a lawn as had been previously announced, was rather lightly attended owing to the inclemency of the weather, but those present spent the evening very pleasantly.

Private and picnic parties at Mexico Point are very numerous in fine weather, and the hotel patronage at that summer resort seems to be pretty evenly divided between the two proprietors—George Marston, on the east, and Milton Kenyon, on the west side of the creek—both of whom apparently are doing a thriving business.

Rev. Thomas James, who spoke in Washington Hall last Sunday afternoon on the "Negro Exodus" from the South, desires us to say that persons who feel disposed to aid the needy colored exodists by contributions of money or clothing can send the same to C. Parsons, President of the State Savings Association, St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. Clark has a beautiful specimen of a wind-mill, set up and on exhibition, at his foundry in this village. A good wind-mill is a very convenient and not very expensive machine for pumping water for stock and can be used profitably for other purposes, and we are told that Mr. Clark intends to manufacture and keep them on sale.

D. H. Barnard left for Thousand Islands in his own boat last Monday, by way of Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence River from Mexico Point. He was accompanied by Mr. Peter Morgan, of this town. As Mr. Barnard has a fine little sailing craft, knows how to manage her, and is no stranger to the route, it is expected that the trip will prove one of much pleasure.

A respectable audience was gathered at Washington Hall last Sunday afternoon to hear the address of Rev. T. James in relation to the exodus of the colored population of the South. He expresses his opinion that it would be better for both the white and colored classes if the latter would settle and remain in some other part of the South than where there is now so much unpleasant feeling between many of them.

## PRINCE LEOPOLD ON THE EDUCATION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

[*Quebec Morning Chronicle, July 17th, 1879.*]

Prince Leopold in the course of his recent speech, at the annual meeting of the Royal Association in aid of the Deaf and Dumb, said: "I will not here attempt any detailed examination of the now recognized methods of instruction for the deaf and dumb. They are mostly as follows: First, the French method, which adopts communication by means of the manual alphabet. This was the earliest invented method, and is, up to the present time, the one that is best known and most generally practiced. Secondly, the German method, which aims at creating a complete revolution in the instruction of deaf-mutes by teaching them not only to read from the lips of their teachers what is said to them, but also themselves to articulate with a more or less distinct utterance. In fact by the rules of this method the manual alphabet is rigidly excluded. The third and last method is made up of a combination of the other two, and avails itself largely of the use of signs, and of any expedient that is calculated to assist in conveying the desired information. The Rev. Samuel Smith, the first clergyman specially ordained for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, and who has labored most successfully on behalf of this association for a quarter of a century, has given the weight of his great authority in favor of the third, or combined method, and we need do no more than watch the extraordinary facility with which he translates what is being said here to-day into the deaf and dumb language in order to satisfy ourselves that this method has in his hands great and special merit. With regard to the German method, I believe I am right in saying that Mr. Smith's opinion is that the process both of training teachers properly fitted to impart instruction after this method, and of subsequently instructing the deaf-mute, must necessarily be so laborious and so beset with special hindrances (such as, for example, the varying capabilities of the pupils) that it will be many years before this system can become applicable as a vehicle for general communication or for public addresses. This, however, should not prevent us from paying a passing tribute of admiration and praise to those who have embarked upon the enterprise of literally restoring the gift of speech to the dumb, and from recording the undoubted fact that in a great many cases complete and almost miraculous success has attended their loving labours. (Cheers.)

Prince Leopold concluded his address with the following remarks:—

"In the early days of the world's history, indeed, when it was believed that

To instruct the deaf, no art could ever reach,

No care improve them, and no wisdom teach,

when they were thrust forth from the society of their fellow-creatures, and when in some extreme cases deaf and dumb infants were even destroyed as useless members of the community, we can understand, however much we may deplore that the cause of those for whom I plead to-day should have met with heartless indifference. But we live in other days, when we should be naturally led by the contemplation of the luxuries and comforts around us to feel a keener sympathy for those whom, in His inscrutable Providence, God has so terribly afflicted. I know not whether the day will ever come when, in our country, as in America and in most of the European communities, the State will take the education of the deaf and dumb under its own fostering care; but of this, at least, I am confident that the possibility of such an event can in no wise acquit us of the duty that their present unimproved condition imposes upon us. (Hear, hear.) We should rather strive earnestly so to fulfill this obligation that is laid upon us that we may be able hereafter to pass it on to other hands with no arrears of uncompleted labour, no sorrowful list of sufferers, whose intelligences might have been developed, and whose whole lives might have been brightened had our exertions been more timely and more sustained." (Cheers.)

(From the *Courier.*)

Mrs. Schoonmaker, of Creek Locke, Ulster Co., N. Y., had the misfortune to entirely lose the sight of one of her eyes, through an accident, and endured painful inflammatory action therein for two long years;—the other eye finally becoming sympathetically affected, her general health seriously suffering; indeed, she was a mere wreck, a walking skeleton. In this terrible strait, she consulted Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who told her at once that the injured eye must be removed. She quietly but firmly said: "All right, Doctor, but don't give me chloroform. Let my husband sit by my side during the operation, and I will neither cry out or stir." The work was done, and the poor woman kept her word. Talk of soldierly courage! This showed greater pluck than it taken to face a hundred guns. To restore her general health and give tone and strength to the system, Dr. Kennedy then gave the "Favorite Remedy," which cleansed the blood and imparted new life to the long-suffering woman. She rapidly gained health and strength, and is now well. The "Favorite Remedy" is a priceless blessing to woman. No family should be without it. Your druggist has it. If not, send to Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

## A PLEASANT FRENCH CUSTOM.

An American who is now in Paris furnishes the Boston *Transcript* with an account of the ceremony of crowning with roses, on Whitsunday, a village girl at Nanterre, which is an ancient custom. He says:

We heard the music in the distance. The rosiers were coming, Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain) and party left to secure places in the church, and we into the mairie to join the dignitaries in receiving the rosiers. We received our decorations—a wide piece of red ribbon and a pin—and each found a different manner of pinning the ribbon to his coat. More music—we were a crowd now—and we made way for the rosiers as they entered. I wish I could say she was handsome; and she was, if we all believe in the old adage that "handsome is that handsome does," for her record was not of negative goodness, but of active virtue; and, as an old native who knew her well, said to me: "When a young girl has lost both father and mother, she has many hardships to put up with." But it is a fate, and we crowd into the reception room. Decorated gentlemen—decorated with other orders than the rosiers—are designated to conduct the chosen and her "maids of honor" to the church; more music and we are marching through the muddy streets, by the longest way, between files of soldiers and firemen, behind a crowd of white-dressed young women and flying banners. The windows and doorways are filled; we have got ahead of the little Mayor—we apologize, and enter the church behind him, but rather in advance of others. The church is packed. Lots of folks from Paris, M. Herold, prefect de la Seine; M. Etienne Arago, M. de Lesseps, Walter Brown, the illustrator, Macknight, of the *Cleveland Leader*, and an English party with an eye-glass in one eye, and several pretty bonnets, notwithstanding there are races at Longchamps.

There was a platform built at the right of the church, which was occupied by the godmother of the rosiers, the children dressed in white the last year's rosiers still wearing the crown, the rosiers to be crowned kneeling before the altar. The priest commenced the service, then soldiers lined the aisle and nave of the church, kneeling and presenting arms when the Host was elevated. Several religious banners were borne by the procession into the church, and two children, dressed as St. John and St. Catherine, sat on a platform.

The rosiers' name is Mlle. Dolphine Collet, born in 1859, and early left an orphan. She is a laundress by trade, and has not only supported herself, but several of her brothers and sisters.

When she was proposed to the members of the Municipal Council, who make the choice of a candidate, she had no competitors, and of the twenty members voting, eighteen voted for Mlle. Collet, while two put in blank ballots. "Was she obliged to marry?" we asked of her aunt, whom we chanced to meet. "Oh, no; the rosiers of last year was not married yet; and if they married before the second year, they would lose half their dot." "How?"

"The town would give her three hundred francs as soon as the crowning was finished; the grandmother gave her jewelry, and some one, I don't remember who, her clothes; and if she did not marry for a year she would receive more clothes and two hundred francs. And she is a good girl and well deserves the prize," were her last words as we bowed ourselves out. Afterward we learned if we had entered the hall we should have heard a speech from M. de Lesseps about the proposed canal, and a promise to the rosiers that he would present to her, as soon as issued, No. 1 share of the Isthmus Canal stock.

CONDENSED NEWS.

A \$100,000 fire occurred at San Francisco July 27th.

Blanche Davenport has made an engagement with Strakosch to sing in Paris, London, and America, to begin September 5th.

A Valparaiso despatch of July 28th stated that the steamship Illinois, 4,000 tons, had been wrecked, and that all hands were saved.

The yellow fever at the South is on the increase and spreading notwithstanding quarantine regulations. The general outlook is not very encouraging, but on the contrary it now looks very much as if the plague will cause much loss of life and business at the South again this season.



Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

**THE SILVER WEDDING OF DR. AND MRS. I. L. PEET.**

New York, July 19, 1879.

"Strike, silver bell, the quarter century chime! Best on thy scythe a moment, Father Time! While hoary friends and loving kindred meet To hail the silver-wedding of Professor Peet."

Few couples have enjoyed a happier or more tranquil quarter of a century of connubial union than Dr. and Mrs. Isaac Lewis Peet, the twenty-fifth anniversary of whose marriage was observed with simple magnificence on the evening of Friday, June 27th, at their residence on Washington Heights. This delightful place has, from the beauty of its location as well as on account of the geniality and good-will of the spirits who dwell therein, been appropriately styled "Paradise," and truly few homes more deserve such a title than that presided over by the kind-hearted Doctor and his accomplished and beautiful wife. On the occasion we speak of, the natural beauties of the dwelling and its surroundings were intensified by artificial aid. The brilliant glare of gas light and Chinese lanterns turning the spacious grounds into a beautiful garden, seen from which the house, with its tasteful furnishings and brilliant lights, presented the appearance of a fairy den.

As early as eight o'clock p. m. a long line of fashionable equipages blocked up the road leading to the Peet mansion, and for an hour and a half guests poured in a steady stream. Indeed so numerous were the guests that locomotion was hazardous, and much care was necessary, on the part of the gentlemen, to escape spoiling the costly dresses of the numerous beautiful women present.

In the reception-room, amidst the glare and beauty of their surroundings, stood the happy couple, who, as they received the congratulations of each friend, appeared again wafted back to the shores of early manhood and womanhood.

Standing aside and observing the distinguished guests, as they pass in to offer their congratulations, we notice faces familiar in the religious, commercial, political, and literary worlds; men whose lives have been one grand effort to benefit their fellow-men. There are, too, bright, refined speaking faces, which, to the eye, present all the subtler charms of intelligence and good feeling, but which, alas! would have been clouded with a veil like that of night but for the devoted efforts of the Doctor and his wife. They are a group of their old deaf-mute pupils who have come back to them to offer their congratulations and express their gratitude.

Having presented our congratulations, we followed the stream of guests who were making their way to the room where the various presents were displayed, and here we beheld a sight which fairly set our eyes dancing. Silver made into every conceivable shape, and displaying exquisite workmanship, lay arranged on a large table, speaking testimonials of the esteem in which the recipients are held by their friends. We do not intend to give an exhaustive list of the numerous presents, for to do so would take up more space than can be spared. It will suffice to mention some of the most costly and striking. Coming under this class were a pair of silver vases, very graceful in design and delicate in workmanship, from Hon. and Mrs. E. W. Leavenworth, of Syracuse; a handsome nut dish, in chased silver and gold, entirely unique in design, from Hon. and Mrs. Lawson N. Fuller; a handsome silver tray with the inscription "From the Instructors of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb"; a soup ladle from Miss Walter, and a fish knife from Miss Park; a berry dish of exquisite pattern from Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard; a silver butter dish from Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Galland; pickle jars in a silver stand with forks, very beautiful and tasteful, from the Misses Dillingham; a similar one from Misses Clapp and Howard, and a splendid parlor stand of silver and glass, for holding flowers, from Mr. Jacques Loew. Dr. William Porter, Superintendent of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, sent an elegant tete-a-tete set, consisting of cream pitcher, sugar bowl, and spoon holder, on a silver stand, making a beautiful and useful ornament for the table. Professor Du Bois, of Yale College, sent a sconce, of new design, to be hung on the wall or used as an ornament for the table or mantel. Mr. William Foster, Jr., of Metropolitan Railroad fame, sent a very handsome vase, rich and tasteful, and Mr. William A. Wheelock, President of the Central National Bank of New York, and wife sent a handsome berry set, of silver and gold, in a satin case, of new and elegant pattern. Hon. Ethan Allen and wife, a dozen gold and silver coffee spoons, in a case of red mo- rocco, lined with white and blue satin. A similar set, most unique in design and workmanship, with the initial "P" and the dates "1854"—"1879" engraved on each, was sent by Hon. G. Hilton Scribner and wife, while a beautiful set of silver fruit knives, from Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Field, completed the list we had time to jot down as we stood contemplating their silver magnificence. A large number of bouquets and basket of flowers were also sent. That of Mr. S. F. Knapp, with the dates "1854"—"1879" in violets, on a white ground, took the precedence in beauty over all the others.

Congratulations over, sets were

formed and the young people, following the enlivening strains of the music in attendance, were soon engaged in a merry, dancing whirl, which continued with occasional intermissions till supper was announced.

The enchanting sight which met the gaze of the guests, as the table, which took up the full length of the dining-room, came to view was pleasing beyond description. It manifested all the care of the caterer's art, and contained a feast beautiful in arrangement, abundant in quantity, and delicious in quality. Appreciative justice was done to this well-served collation, after which, by request of a number of gentlemen present, Mr. Lawson N. Fuller introduced to the company the Hon. Erastus Brooks, who delivered a most eloquent, though unprepared, address of congratulation, in the course of which he made many graceful allusions to the marriage of Dr. and Mrs. Peet, at which he was present 25 years ago, and to the useful and happy life which they had since led. He was followed by Rev. Dr. C. A. Stoddard, who read a charming poem of his own composition, the first stanza of which I have quoted as an introduction to my account of the wedding. It was written for the occasion just before the author made his appearance, and he consequently claimed that, as impromptus were in order, his contribution had a full right to be regarded in that light. Both of these manifestations of the kind feeling of his guests were a surprise to Dr. Peet, but, as he is never at a loss for either ideas or words, he was able, without warning, to make, in behalf of Mrs. Peet and himself, a feeling and appropriate reply to what he designated as "words fitly spoken, which were like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Rev. Dr. T. Galland, who had thus far been translating to Mrs. Peet and the other deaf-mutes present the felicitous remarks that had been made, then asked Dr. Peet to assume the role of interpreter, and told the company of his life-long friendship for the host and of the reciprocal sympathy with which they had supported each other in their efforts, in different ways, to benefit the deaf and dumb. He also deduced from the happy consequences of the marriage, the anniversary of which was this evening celebrated, the lesson, never more needed than in these later days, "Go thou and do likewise." The good Doctor's advice was well received, and it may not unreasonably be hoped that many happy lives may be the result of the wise and witty words he uttered.

Dancing was then resumed and continued till the "wee sma" hours of the morning, when guest after guest bade the host and hostess good-night and departed, quoting in their hearts the beautiful words with which Dr. Stoddard closed his poem:

"May coming years add lustre to your age,  
Inscribe new memories on their glowing page,  
And write your names, with advancing pen,  
The benefactors of your fellow-men."

T. F. F.

**GOING TO SUBSCRIBE FOR A PAPER.**

CARLEIGH, MISS., July 21, 1879.

DEAR JOURNAL:—I will tell you some news. I was very much pleased to read the JOURNAL. Professor Saunders gave me one paper.

I left Jackson, Miss., on the 27th of last May. I had not been to school since March because my eyes were so sore. They are a little better. My feet have been almost breaking out for three weeks. They have been sore for four years. They begin to get sore from June and continue so till October. I am not troubled about my feet. I must be patient until October. All the doctors in town could not cure my feet.

I am in good health since I left Jackson. I arrived at home safely on the 2d of last month. I have not worked in the field. I will be an agent next fall or winter.

I heard that Professor L. W. Saunders will arrive at Steele's Tavern, Va., to-morrow. I hope that he will enjoy himself there very much.

Messrs. Alfred Harris and Henry H. Myers came here from York, Miss., last Thursday. I was delighted to see them. They are both deaf-mutes. They stayed here three days. We went fishing last Friday, and caught 23. We had a nice time. Mr. Myers has plenty of crops. He hires Mr. Harris for \$8 per month. Mr. Myers has not moved to his new house yet. His parents wished him to stay with them. Mr. Myers went home last evening. Mr. Harris did not go home with him, but went to Hillsboro, Miss., to see his grandmother this morning. He will stay there one day. He will go to Forest, Miss., to see Mr. Alfred Battle next Wednesday, and then he will go to Morton, Miss., to see his parents, sisters, and brothers next Thursday. He has a deaf-mute sister. Her name is Miss Minerva Harris. She went home from Jackson, Miss., last week. Mr. Harris will return here in one or two weeks, and then he will go home to York.

Rev. Mr. Huddleston, of Forest, Miss., said Mr. Alfred Battle was married to a speaking lady last winter. Mr. Battle is a deaf-mute. Professor L. W. Saunders taught him in the old deaf and dumb institution at Jackson, Miss. Mr. Battle is a carpenter. I saw his house at Forest in 1877. He was born near the creek about six miles from this place.

I will send six cents for the JOURNAL. Please send it to me. Some deaf-mutes want to see it. I will send \$1.50 to you for it next fall. I like it very well.

Yours sincerely,  
WALTER J. GRAHAM.

**PATRONIZE THE JOURNAL.**

**D. W. GEORGE ON CHANGING THE NAME OF THE COLLEGE.**

EDITOR JOURNAL:—The last of "Student at Home's" entertaining series of National Deaf-Mute College notes concludes with a grand summing up of what has been written in regard to the proposed change of the name of the college. He proceeded with the gravity of a criminal magistrate to elucidate the "points" made by the friends and opponents of the measure. He announced that the strongest argument so far had been advanced by the opposition, and that that argument is "We had better be mighty careful how we take to fooling with that name or the Government will get mad and won't give us any more money; we had better wait until some rich fellow kindly gives us all the money we want and then, and not until then, will it be safe to give 'Uncle Sam' a grand kick and tell him to go to thunder, and inform him that this is a free country and we are going to do just as we please about the name, and, if he don't like it, why, it is none of his business." I would most respectfully suggest that this "point" is entirely new, and that it originated with him. "Ex-Student" called attention to a few circumstances which seemed to favor the present name of the college, namely, its being a national capital, its being endowed, supported, and owned by the national Government, its being under the supervision of the Government, and its being intended solely for deaf-mutes. The principal objection to the present name of the college is still the presence of the word "Deaf-Mute."

My friend "Student at Home" says that most intelligent deaf-mutes feel a sense of humiliation at being regarded as objects of pity, which the term deaf and dumb is likely to arouse in the hearts of other people. This is a tough case to handle. For one, I wouldn't feel as much humiliation as indignation at being treated as an object of pity because I couldn't hear. It can't be denied that the loss of hearing is a serious calamity, and it is quite natural that people should feel some regret at our misfortune, but for them to be continually harping upon the subject and looking upon us as poor helpless imbeciles, dependent upon charity, is quite another thing. People can see that we are possessed of health, strength, and activity of mind and body, and that we can dig potatoes as well as anybody, and they rarely have time to ascertain whether we need any pity or not. For one, I have been kicked and buffeted about and called to account for all the mistakes I have made, and my misfortune has never availed me in securing any special immunity. I would scorn it.

Well, if there is likely to be any pity aroused in the hearts of people, why should it be by the term "deaf and dumb"? That is an innocent and harmless little term which, by the laws of language, must be applied to us whether we like it or not. The term merely states that we are a peculiar class of people, differing from others only in not being able to hear and speak. In our intercourse with people the fact that we are deaf and dumb must become known in some way or other, and we are daily called upon to impart that information to strangers, who speak to us as if nothing was the matter with us. We just let people know when necessary that we are deaf, and there is the end of it. If anything more follows, it simply reflects upon the intelligence of the hearing person or the deaf-mute. Still we might ask, why should we discard the word deaf-mute? Is it because we don't want anybody to know that we are deaf-mutes? A one-legged sailor might just as well lock himself up in his room day and night until he dies, for fear somebody will find out that he is minus a leg and pity him. The best plan is for us to go about our business and show people that we are able to take care of ourselves, and let them see that we are not worrying ourselves about our infirmity, and then there will be but little occasion for pity. Let people call us by our right name. Let them distinguish things that are intended solely for us by the right name. It need not hurt us. All of our State institutions bear the name of State institutions for the education of the deaf and dumb. Is any one ready to say that this is not proper? There is a deaf-mute day school in Boston. Who would know where to educate their children were that school known merely as the Boston Day School? Well, here we wish to say let the word "deaf-mute" stay in the name of the National Deaf-Mute College, that it may become universally known that there is a college for deaf-mutes and that it may attract the attention and invite the investigation of all who may feel interested in the educational advancement of our class, and that people may know that it is worth while to maintain such an institution and to send the deaf-mute youths of the country to it to enjoy the advantages of a higher education. Call your little base-ball clubs and other little private baubles by what name you choose, but when it comes to a public affair such as a State or a national institution of education consult the public, who have an interest in it as well as we, consult the interests of the institution itself.

"Student" calls attention to a system under which pupils are brought up to consider themselves a class apart from the rest of the world and to think, like all beggars, that the world owes them a living; all of which "Student" says is a result of that term "deaf and dumb." "Ish dot so?" I thought he attributed all this trouble to the system, not to the term deaf and dumb. If he will attack the system we will back him.

It is time to say that the current idea among hearing people, that our

educational institutions are charitable institutions, is a popular delusion. They are nothing less than a part of the free school system of our country. Every State provides for the free education of its children, recognizing the fact that every child allowed to grow up in ignorance is a dead loss and a positive detriment to society in general. Every one that is educated is so much gain. Society, through its government, makes a common effort to educate itself. The deaf-mutes merely come in for their share of this education. That they are boarded in institutions, at public expense, is no fault of their own. They are a small class, are widely scattered, and cannot be accommodated in every district school in common with other people; hence they are obliged to collect in a few places, where they can be educated to the best advantage. If their parents had to pay their board very few could afford to educate them, and thus society would be the loser. We may insist that society owes us an education, with some show of justice, but not a living. A deaf-mute child may be admitted to an institution and educated a certain number of years, and, if necessary, boarded, but after the allotted time has passed he has no further claim on the institution. He should be made to understand this. He should be warned, when he is turned out into the world, that he will have to scratch dirt for himself, otherwise our system of education is defective in an important particular, as the prime object of our education is to make us self-dependent. But this is no fault of the term "deaf-mute" or "deaf and dumb."

D. W. GEORGE.

July 19, 1879.

**ROCHESTER NOTES.**

EDITOR JOURNAL:—When I penned my last letter I intended to write soon, in order to give your readers an account of an exhibition, which took place in this institution during three days of the latter part of June. But my absence from here and short visits prevented my doing so. I will now try to give you a few outlines worthy of notice.

The first day our exercises were open to the directors of this institution and their families for inspection. On the second day the public was invited, and over a hundred and fifty were present.

On the third day (June 20th) a good many parents and friends of the pupils favored us with a visit. The faculty of the institution made arrangements for their reception, and endeavored to explain how the minds of the pupils were first developed and brought into light after a knowledge of the English.

A week before the exhibition the classes were examined, and the happy result was that the progress made by the pupils exceeded that of last year.

Your readers will recollect that our system of teaching consists of object-teaching, finger-spelling, and articulation, and that signs are discarded to a great extent.

We had two Kindergarten classes, composed of children between the ages of six and twelve years. They were separate from the rest, and taught and watched closely all the time by two lady teachers. The teachers devoted their whole time to imparting to the children the knowledge of simple objects, &c., delighting them in various interesting amusements, training them to sew and stitch, and taking them out for a daily walk in pleasant weather. The visitors were astonished and delighted with the progress the children had made, and pronounced the Kindergarten to be a grand success.

Some of our readers seem to think our system is wrong, and the greatest sign-makers regard it to be among the absurd impossibilities, but, it being of no use to argue with them, they are particularly invited to come and judge for themselves.

A number of prominent mutes, who always believed in the French system, formerly adopted by Dr. H. P. Peet, said, after passing through the different classes here, that ours was a worthy experiment, and that they would come again in a year or two to see whether it would be a success or not.

A poor man once spent many years and much money in trying to complete a wonderful invention, in spite of the sneers and jokes that he received from his friends, but at last succeeded in doing so and became a millionaire. It was Mr. Howe, who invented the sewing-machine, which is one of the greatest blessings to mankind. We have received some scoffs and impudent criticisms, such as the "Walking Advertisement, &c.," but we took no notice of them, and mean to run our school in the same way as before, till our experiment becomes an established fact.

On Saturday, June 21st., nearly all the pupils went home and, no doubt, they are now enjoying a happy time. The names of the graduates of this institution were Clarence E. Webster, Mary Hazard, Laura Fuller, and Charles Cooper.

Immediately upon his arrival at home Webster obtained a situation as a trimmer in the well-known carriage shop of Swett & Co., and is doing well.

Yours truly,  
SIDNEY H. HOWARD.

Western New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, July 25, 1879.

Go your way and don't trouble about your neighbors. A man never peeps through a keyhole without finding something to vex him.

Hatred is like fire—it makes even light rubbish deadly.

**MOUNTAIN PICNIC.**

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Permit me to give my old fellow students, and others who may wish to know, an idea of how things are moving along in this part of the world.

There is in the southern part of this county, in a recess of the mountains, a strong chalybeate spring, a favorite resort for health and pleasure-seekers. It must be remembered that in this county are the highest mountains with one exception east of the Rocky Mountains. Having just returned from the spring to the valley, with its quiet rippling streams, the situation of our pleasant little village, I will proceed to relate our romantic picnic which occurred there. Your correspondent and six other boys hired a yoke of oxen and a lumber wagon for conveyance, and invited fourteen of the young ladies to go on a picnic excursion. Of course the invitation was heartily accepted and a few minutes later found us on the road, charmed with the music of a French harp and rattling of dry bones. We wound around up and down mountains for two and a half miles until we reached the river, roaring and sparkling as it danced in the sunlight, fanned by the cool mountain breeze. When in the middle of the river the oxen stopped; nor would they budge an inch, notwithstanding the driver plied his whip unmercifully, scolded, and coaxed savagely. Finally we (the young men, of course) had to get out and make our way on foot, to the great meriment of the young ladies. The oxen then drew the fair ones out without a grunt, so far as I could hear. We left the wagon after crossing and made our way on foot up the mountain about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of a mile, where a little spring gushes forth and goes rippling down with the murmuring hum of the mountains. There we sat down and partook of the delicacies which the young ladies had prepared. On our way down your correspondent was brought to the feet of the lovely creature he was with, not by Cupid, but by the loss of a shoe-heel, not on his knees, but on his back. Being in the wrong position to pop the question, "Deaf and Dumb Girl" may thank her stars that the student was not taken in by a speaking girl.

On our return, when we reached the middle of the river the yoke broke, and again we had to wet our feet in mending it. As we passed near a farm-house one of the boys secretly killed a goose, which we persuaded the girls to believe was a wild one. Arriving at the hotel about sundown, the next thing was to cook our goose. This feat we accomplished in the following manner: We placed a stove out in the yard, and, having seated the girls around to watch the operation, we, the young men, proceeded to barbecue the unhappy bird. We first placed it in the stove and began roasting it. By and by we concluded to boil it. So we obtained a pot, filled it with water, removed the stove, placed the goose in, and set it to boiling over a rousing big flame, punching the fire and turning the goose with the same stick which had robbed it of its life. Meantime jokes were being cracked and fun dealt out by the host, full one of the cooks wearing a dress and making all kinds of fun of the women. About 11:30 p. m. we again changed our notion and concluded to broil the goose. It was then taken from the pot, deposited on a bed of red-hot coals, and nicely browned. At last we pronounced it tender, and lifted it from its last resting-place with that important stick. But, alas! the stick, like the goose, had seen its best days, and, with a crack and a pop, it gave way, dropping the goose in the dirt. But that was easily brushed off, and the goose laid on a log to cool. When sufficiently cooled to handle we carried it into the hotel, cut it up, and made a quantity of lemonade. The young ladies, who had remained with us in all our troubles while cooking, and cheered us with bright smiles, sunny faces and sweet words when discouraged, were then called upon to "turn in," which they did heartily, complimenting the cooks very highly and bragging on wild goose meat. After the victim had been annihilated a requiem was sung to the old goose, and towards the "wee sma" hours of the night we bethought ourselves that it was time to go on our nocturnal excursion to the Land of Nod, and thus ended our day's work.

Refugees from fever stricken Memphis are pouring into our little village by the back road, and the prospects now are that we will soon be flooded with the unfortunate people. Our family has already taken up its abode under our paternal roof.

In conclusion let me say a few words for "Deaf and Dumb Girl," who wrongfully accuses us of turning up our noses at mute girls. There are nine boys in the present sophomore class. Not one of that number intends to marry a speaking girl, and only one of that class has a turned up nose at a mute girl. This, though, is not in contempt, but owing to a peculiar freak of nature, as it is naturally turned up at every one he meets. He is a fine, intelligent fellow, and a great favorite with mute girls as well as speaking ones. If "Deaf and Dumb Girl" could only see and converse with him I feel assured that she would henceforth be a strong advocate of turned up noses.

RAMBLING SOPH.

SEVIENVILLE, TENN., July 12, 1879.

Happiness consists not in possessing much, but in being content with what we possess.

When people's feelings have got a deadly wound they can't be cured by favors.

**WATKINS CORRESPONDENCE.**

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Your correspondent was once more absent from town last Saturday, visiting friends in Elmira and Geneva, and on Monday he returned home with abundant news for the purpose of awakening your readers.

As soon as I arrived in Elmira, Saturday morning, I stepped into Richardson's boot and shoe factory, and got permission to go throughout the building. Mr. Fred. H. King politely guided me throughout the building. I was very much interested in the work; in fact it is the largest boot and shoe factory in this country. He is working in the cutting department. He said he would soon make a reply to my letter of the 19th ult. in regard to the *torpid* "Elmira Deaf-Mutes' Literary Society." I had expressed my expectations for him to venture his opinions in the columns of the JOURNAL.

After I was done in the factory, I went out to see Mr. Augustus Christ. I found him busy cobbling in a shoemaker's shop, and chatted with him for a short time.

I left him, and, being a compositor on the Watkins Democrat, visited the printing-offices in Elmira for an hour.

In the afternoon I called on Mr. and Mrs. Edward Clapp and Mr. and Mrs. Ensign, and enjoyed a nice time with them.

I left them and thence called on Master Walker. He is at home for his vacation from his studies in the New York school. Though the time was limited, I had a very pleasant chat with him.

His mother was lost in the deep sea by being washed ashore with the wreck of the State of Virginia, which occurred on the 12th inst., at Sable Island, on the coast of Nova Scotia. She was a good and kind lady and mother, and my sincere sympathy is with him in his great sorrow and bereavement.

As the time called me to the depot, I left him and took the train for Watkins.

As soon as I arrived at Watkins I took the pleasant steamer Onondaga for Geneva, landing there at 9:50 in the evening.

I stopped with Mr. F. Marion Tuttle over Sunday, and enjoyed an unusually good time. Mrs. Tuttle was in good health, her face gleaming brilliantly with a graceful smile over the shoulder. Marion invited me to survey his duck-like sloop, which was being repaired and fitted into a better one. The sloop, sailing on the water, resembles a tub, and has none like it to be found elsewhere. It is being rebuilt by a Mr. Coddington, of Geneva, after Marion's designs. It will be the fastest craft on the lake. He threatens to sail the new sloop up to Watkins in August. We shall catch a glimpse of the sails. He is lucky now! Next October there will take place a term of the Supreme Court in Canandaigua, N. Y., where he will bring a suit against a teacher of a deaf-mute school and another deaf-mute. The debtors have no defence, while Marion has great evidence against them, and they must now call and settle or they will be fined under the law, the debts exceeding less than \$125, besides other claims against some speaking parties. He is engaged to paint a portrait picture of Mrs. Potter, the widow of Dr. Potter, a distinguished surgeon, who served the Union army during the rebellion.

Dr. Z. H. Potter, son of the late doctor, and professor in the Cornell University, at Ithaca, is a very clever man, and invited Marion, accompanied by Mr. A. C. Gordon and the writer, into the house to look at the portrait picture of the late Dr. Potter. It was one of Marion's works, and very attractive, and of a very intelligent piece of work.

Mr. A. C. Gordon is still busy on the "case" in the Geneva Courier office, and is looking like a very happy man.

Mr. and Mrs. Krebs are in good health and spirits. Mr. Krebs is a jovial and intelligent man. He is still busy in the furniture shops of Mr. Dunn in Geneva.

Miss Margaret Bennett is at home in Geneva, for her vacation from her professional duties in the Flint (Mich.) school.

Miss Hattie Wright, of Watkins, spent five days in the city of Elmira, visiting her many friends week before last.

Mr. John Dougherty, of Watkins, recently went to Elmira on a visit to his friends. He says he is going up to Oswego to-morrow on a call to Mr. George M. Lucas, and will stay over Sunday with him.

Mr. and Mrs. Joel E. Andrews, of Odessa, were in town to-day, and we were, of course, pleased with their visit. Joel said that he had been working in a paint shop in Odessa. We are glad to hear of it, and always look for his success.

Railroads and steamboats to Watkins Glen show a very rapid increase of travel, and the hotel proprietors are happy. Excursions and picnics are in order.

RUSSELL SMITH.

Watkins, N. Y., July 25, 1879.

**Wisconsin Deaf-Mute Alumni Association Meeting Postponed Till Next Year.**

SPRINGVILLE, WIS., July 23, 1879.

A letter from Mr. A. L. Chapin, the president of the board of trustees of the Wisconsin Deaf and Dumb Institute, informed me that they could not let the Wisconsin Deaf-Mute Alumni Association be entertained at the institute this summer for several urgent reasons, which I will not mention in this letter. It has to be postponed to next year. Many friends within the State have written to me saying that

they are satisfied with the postponement. The trustees promise me that they will be glad to have our association at the institute in the latter part of June next. I prefer to have it entertained at the Phoenix Green in June next rather than this summer.

Yours truly,  
L. M. LARSON,  
Western Wisconsin Manager.

**NATIONAL CONVENTION.**

SPRINGVILLE, WIS., July 23, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am glad to read what has been talked and written in your paper concerning the national deaf-mute convention to be held next year.

Hereby I agree with all of what my friend H. White has lately written in relation to the convention. In addition to this I give some important suggestions. Suppose that we prefer to have a committee of four, composed each from the North, East, South, and West, with the editor of the JOURNAL as chairman. This committee is only the first, to do what they think best for our national convention of 1880.

After the inauguration of the convention, and its constitution having been adopted, a new committee may be appointed, composed of delegates from each State, etc.

Who will appoint such a committee to take charge of the arrangements of our national convention of 1880? Suppose that the editor of the JOURNAL be authorized to select and name each from the North, South, East, and West to constitute said committee, with the editor as chairman. I think the deaf-mutes will have no objection to your choice. Suppose that the committee, when they have been selected, be able to appoint an orator from the North, East, West, and South each, to deliver a good, interesting address.

We want the national convention of 1880 held in the last week of August. I shall be glad to go to the convention, to be held at that time; otherwise I will not go.

I think Mexico a very good, appropriate place for the inauguration of the national deaf-mute convention.

Yours truly,  
L. M. LARSON.

**WHAT OTHERS SAY.**

[From the Council Bluffs, Ia., Eagle.]

In our last issue we made mention of the presence of E. Booth, Esq., at the closing exercises of the Deaf and Dumb Institute here. Speaking editorially of the institution he states in his paper, the *Eureka*, the following facts:

It is sufficient to say that the examinations were very satisfactory, the progress made by the students being, as in all other cases, according to the natural ability and application of each individual student. It was clear that they have good and faithful instructors, and the government in both schools [Council Bluffs and Omaha] is parental. Good order and general cheerfulness were among the prevalent traits and visible to the dullest observer. The time allowed by State law is seven years; half a century ago it was but four. These institutions are provided by State tax as are common schools by school tax in every county.

It will be remembered that the Iowa Institution was destroyed by fire over two years ago. It consisted of the main building and east wing, both of which went down in a night. Since then the main structure has been rebuilt, the west wing completed, and the two are in use. The east wing, still lying in ruins, is awaiting the action of the legislature. No doubt at the next session the necessary appropriation will be made and the whole work will be finished in a single season.

The reduction in the usual appropriation by the last legislature compelled a cutting down of salaries to nearly one-half, and this led to the retirement of the former Superintendent and several of the teachers. Substitutes were secured and matters move harmoniously. The new Superintendent, Mr. Moses Folsom, has long been an Iowa editor and therefore comes well known. He possesses excellent literary abilities, habits of attention to business, is of a genial and social nature, and appears satisfactory to both teachers and pupils. By arrangement with Gov. Gear and the trustees, Mr. Kennedy acts as Principal of the school until Mr. Folsom becomes more familiar with the sign-language; meanwhile the latter has the general superintendence.

**A Table,**

For those who use the Book of Common Prayer.

AUG. 3d, 1879.

MORNING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 3d day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Exodus xiv.  
2d Lesson—Acts xxiv.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the eighth Sunday after Trinity.

EVENING SERVICE.

The Psalter for the 3d day of the month, or Selection.

1st Lesson—Exodus xv.  
2d Lesson—Hebrews xiii.

Collect, Epistle and Gospel for the eighth Sunday after Trinity.

**VALUABLE MAGAZINE FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.**

**THE RAINDROP** is a monthly magazine of interesting stories for the Deaf and Dumb. Terms, one dollar a year. Send 10 cents for a specimen number. Address *The Raindrop*, Turtle Creek, Allegheny Co., Pa.



## A GOOD WALL PICTURE.

Group photographs of the Deaf-Mute Base Ball Club (Independents), who have recently won such marked distinction in various parts of the country, are for sale at the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL office. The group comprises the ten deaf-mutes forming the club, the photographs are neatly executed, and the likenesses are very life-like and correct.

These photographic groups are for sale at 50 cents each, and may be procured, postage free, by sending the price to the Editor of THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y. Send your orders early.

## WORK FOR PARENTS.

[Kentucky Deaf-Mute, July 12th.]

We desire to remind the parents and friends of our pupils that, during the vacation, the work of continuing and extending their education develops upon them, especially in cases where they have been under instruction long enough to begin to read and write. It is to be presumed that no parent would for a moment hesitate to do all in his power, even though a great sacrifice were involved, to increase his child's intelligence and put it in communication with the world of thought from which its afflictions debar it. For the encouragement of such as are willing to make the effort, we can testify to instances in which vacations instead of being drawbacks have been of positive advantage. Not that parents, usually, however intelligent they may be, can carry their deaf-mute children into new fields of instruction, but that they may very easily and thoroughly ground them in those already gone over. The main difficulty, perhaps, in teaching language to a deaf-mute is that before he has time to put into practice the new words and forms of expression he learns, they fade from his memory, and are supplanted by new ones. This can only be obviated by a great deal of practice in writing, and parents, if they are good spellers and fair grammarians, can give this to the child almost as well as the teacher.

First of all, learn the manual alphabet. Every parent should regard this as a sacred duty, and be willing to do all possible to become proficient in the use of a method so much more convenient than writing, and that opens up a ready and easy way of communication on occasions when writing would not be available.

In the second place, put yourself to the trouble of writing with your child, and make him feel that in you he has a companion that will bear with his ignorance and help him along over the rough places that lie in his road. Explain to him, in simple language, the meaning of things he seems curious to know, if they are of interest, or would be adapted to his comprehension.

Be sure that you make him understand. If a bewildered appealing indicates that he has not grasped the idea you intended to convey, put it in simpler language, avoiding long, ambiguous sentences, and having care that your words are properly spelled and sentences correctly formed.

In cases where the advance of the pupil is sufficient, he may be induced to read short pieces in newspapers, and then, after a day or two, give the substance of what he has read in his own language.

The thing to be accomplished is practice in the use of language, and this can be secured in no better way than by a constant flow of questions and answers, provided they are upon subjects already familiar to him or not entirely beyond his depth. Of course you must bear steadily in mind that you are conversing with children whose ages measured not by the time they have been in the world, but by the period they have been under instruction. The only exceptions are semi-mutes who have been partly educated through the ear.

As regards business, morals, &c., nothing teaches so well as example. If you want your child to be prompt and industrious, be so yourself. If you want him to be moral and upright, remember his keen eyes are upon you, weighing the motives that prompt your actions while he mentally resolves, perhaps, to follow you not in what you say, but in what you do.

Do not think you are entirely shut off from your child because of his infirmity, but let this make him dearer, and impel you to take greater pains and endure severer sacrifices that he may be well developed physically, intellectually, socially, morally, and be able to stand side by side in the struggle of life with his more favored hearing and speaking brethren.

The soldier sometimes chafes under the privations and burdens of camp life and feels that he can bear them no longer; these are all forgotten, however, when, afterwards, he stands flushed with victory and receiving the plaudits of his grateful countrymen. Such will be your experience, dear friends, if, doing your duty now, you see in the future the fruits of your labors in the promotion of your children to high and honorable positions in the respect and confidence of their fellow men, who find them not helpless and dependent as it is the tendency of their deficiency to make them, but participating with hearty zest in the pleasures, and coming nobly forward when necessary to bear their part of the burdens of life.

PATRONIZE THE JOURNAL.

## SUNDAY READING.

## CALLING THE ANGELS IN.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day,  
We mean to slacken this feverish rush  
That is wearing our very souls away,  
And grant to our grieved hearts a hush  
That is holy enough to let them hear  
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,  
When the burden of daytime broil is o'er,  
We'll sit and muse, while the stars come out,  
As the patriarch sat at the open door  
Of his tent, with a heavenward gazing eye,  
To watch for the angels passing by.

We saw them afar at high noontide,  
When fiercely the world's hot flashing beat;  
Yet never have hidden them turn aside,  
And tarry awhile in converse sweet;  
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we spread,  
To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promised our hearts that when the stress  
Of the life-work reaches the longest-for close,  
When the weight that we groan with hinders less,  
We'll loosen our hearts to such repose  
As banishes care's disturbing din,  
And then—we'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at length,  
When tired of every mocking guest,  
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength,  
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest,  
And wait and watch as the day wanes on—  
But the angels we meant to call are gone.

## STRENGTH.

All men love to be strong. Strength gives influence to its possessor, whether it be physical, intellectual or spiritual. The one who possesses strength is admired and has power among men according to his strength. The man who is strong financially is able to make his will prevail in a great measure. The one possessing intellectual strength moves the thinking world by his utterances. Spiritual strength is not sought after as much or as eagerly as physical, mental or commercial strength; yet who will deny its power?

The promise is, "As thy days are, so shall thy strength be." Strength given by God. It was that enabled Samson to overcome the Philistines, that made the armies of Joshua victorious, and enabled Elijah to prevail against the priests of Baal. "Strong in the Lord." That is the secret of Martin Luther's success. There were men in his day equal to him in intellect, but none who could so mightily prevail with God. He knew how to pray, so too did the Wesleys, and Edwards and Finney. The prayers of Finney alone were enough to awaken the careless. Here is the secret of all spiritual strength. Prayer to God, the unwavering, constant prayer of faith. Just see what a power this is; even the ordinary laws of disease yield to its might; for the Apostle says: "The prayer of faith shall heal the sick."

The influence of association is great. We come to be like those with whom we associate. The apostle Paul noted this, and comments upon it. What are the privileges and what possibilities are open to the one who communes much with God? We recognize the influence of the company of good men upon character. What an influence does he then bring upon himself who has fellowship with Christ! A new strength comes to him. He becomes a power with God and man. He becomes pure, holy, lovable, loving, gentle, a rebuke to sin, a persuader to good. Satan can not withstand him; for he has God for his defence, Christ for his righteousness, and Heaven for his home.

## RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Righteousness, with a syllable left out, is rightness; and with still another syllable omitted is right. Right is the root. To be radical is to be right at the root. Right refers to relations. Right is always relative as well as positive. A righteous man honors the rights of his fellows, regardless of condition or circumstance.

And a nation is measured here as a man. The same principle which makes an individual right, will make a nation righteous. There is no such thing as a high standard for a man and a low standard for a nation. The measure must be honest from end to end, no matter which end goes foremost, and all the inches between the ends must be equal. A nation is an individual many times multiplied. The law of the one is the law of the other. Whatever cultures, honors, refinements, and elevates a man will, of course, produce a like effect upon a nation.

The two most precious things on this side of the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live as not to be afraid to die.

A ship on the broad, boisterous and open ocean needeth no pilot. But it dare not venture alone on the placid bosom of a little river, lest it be wrecked by some hidden rock. Thus it is with life. 'Tis not in our open, exposed deeds that we so much need the still voice of the silent monitor, as in the small, secret, everyday acts of our life.

Do you say sin is too strong for you? It is not too strong for Omnipotence that dwelleth in you. I don't want so much to be afraid of going to hell as to be afraid of sin. Let me be afraid of sin, and then I need not be afraid of going to hell.—Rowland Hill.

There are many men whose tongues might govern multitudes if they could govern their tongues.—Prentice.

## PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I fully intended writing some news some time ago, but I have been away to the country and had to wait till this evening.

Rev. H. W. Style, our beloved pastor, has been at home for a few weeks. He is now out of the city, at the seashore, to rest from business, and will stay there till fall. When he was here his health was in good condition, but he is fatigued the same in his head. He was much pleased to see all the deaf-mutes doing so well here, and with good assistants to work in the church during his necessary absence.

During the celebration of the 4th of July everything passed pleasantly and delightfully, though the weather was very hot in the city. The thermometer stood at 96 or 98 degrees. All general business was suspended in honor of the American Independence. About 100 victims of accidents were admitted to the hospitals on that day. William Sheperd, a pupil of the deaf-mute institution, aged about 14, shot himself accidentally through his left hand with his pistol. It was badly hurt, but it is getting better slowly. It was, in my opinion, caused by carelessness. He has been at school for about four years and will return there next fall.

Mr. William Stevenson, formerly of Baltimore, Md., the father of Mr. Henry Stevenson, our lay-reader, is dangerously sick and has no hope of getting up again. He is about 62 years old. He has a wife, two sons, and one daughter.

Mr. John Robb was married to Miss E. Naton by Rev. Enoch Stubbs, a Methodist minister, two weeks ago. They were both educated at the Pennsylvania Institution.

Mr. Joseph A. Roop, formerly prefect of the Pennsylvania Institution, who has been working in the Baltic Mills, has left that place and is a weaver in the large mills of Mr. Thomas Dalan & Co. He has the good company of Mr. George Slifer, a deaf-mute gentleman, who is running the mill. Mr. Roop's address now is 2,214 Lawrence street, Philadelphia, he having moved there from 618 Race street.

Mr. Joshua Foster, Principal of the Pennsylvania Institution for Deaf-Mutes, is pleasantly spending his vacation at Long Branch. He went on the 5th inst., and will return home and attend to his duties again after his vacation of this month. He always goes to Long Branch during his vacation for the purpose of fishing. He is experienced in that pleasure.

At Reading, Pa., Miss Mary Coulter, a young speaking lady, daughter of Mrs. Anna P. Coulter, a deaf-mute widow, was married to a rich lawyer named Smith on the last Wednesday of June. It is said that Mr. Smith, who is about 45 years old, is one of the richest men in Berks county, Pa. Before Mrs. Smith was married she was given a beautiful gold ring which cost \$450. They are on a wedding trip to the seashore. Mrs. Smith's mother is a teacher at the institution for deaf-mutes here. We wish them happiness and success.

A deaf-mute lately informed me that Mr. David Van Damme, a student of the National Deaf-Mute College, was in town last month and spent a week pleasantly in visiting many deaf-mutes. He said that he had a good and enjoyable time, and was very much pleased with this city because it is a beautiful place.

I had the pleasure of meeting Harry and William White, of Massachusetts, Mr. J. Dougherty, and Van Damme, who came here from the deaf-mute college, on their way home.

I am pleased to learn that our friend F. Elwell, of this city, received a diploma from the National Deaf-Mute College. I am glad to see him succeed, for he is a Pennsylvanian.

Mr. Cyrus O. Hackman, a graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution, of Lebanon, Penn., was married to a semi-mute lady named Miss Emma Dixon, who was never educated at school, but she can speak and read well. They are both happy.

Mr. Brewster Allabough, of Norristown, Pa., has been at school for four years, but he will not return there next fall, as he is preparing to go to college. He is an intelligent boy, gentlemanly, and is a semi-mute. He is liked by all who know him. His father is a prominent lawyer.

Mr. Theodore Keisel, of Wilmington, Del., a student of the deaf-mute college, was in town and remained here a few days. He spent his time pleasantly in visiting his friends. He goes back to college next fall.

We shall have no church services here during August next, on account of the hot weather, excepting on the 27th of the month.

We were all very glad to see Professor Job Turner again. He came here from Wilmington, Del., on the 10th inst., having permission to use the chapel of the Pennsylvania Institution for his services. He preached a good sermon on "Love"—that God is love. His signs were very graceful. There were about 30 deaf-mutes present.

Mr. Daniel Paul, Jr., the prefect of the Pennsylvania Institution, is spending his vacation at home at Martinsburg, Pa. He will return to his duties again the last week of August or first week of September, before the school opens.

Rev. John Chamberlain celebrated Holy Communion last Sunday morning, and preached a good sermon in the afternoon, and had a good attendance. Among those present were Miss Annie B. Shay, of Lebanon, Pa., and Mr. B. R. Allabough, of Norristown, Pa.

Yours truly,

Philadelphia, Pa., July 16, 1879.

## NEWS FROM JACOB TUTTLE.

Rockford, Ill., July 14, 1879.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I was in Kenosha, Wis., two weeks, and was very busy for four days. I visited Mr. and Mrs. Fisk's residence. Mr. Fisk was partly educated at the American Asylum. He entered the Jacksonville Institution in 1853. He was married to Miss Bishop, of Evansville, Wis., last year. He is 42 years old and his wife 23. He owns a fine house and lot. He works in a Springfield factory for \$1.25 per day. He and his wife were kind to me and made me comfortable while there. His wife has a mute sister named Ada Bishop, of Adel, 37 years old. She is a nice nurse. Mrs. Fisk has a mute brother, C. Bishop, who lives in Menomonee, Wis. He works in a foundry. He was married to Miss Spofford, a mute lady, last fall. Some deaf-mutes went to Mr. and Mrs. Fisk's residence on the 4th of July. They had a nice, good time.

Mr. Patrick Callahan is a deaf-mute laborer who lives in Kenosha, Wis. Master Wakefield is a good boy who lives with his kind parents in Kenosha, Wis. He looks like a very nice and cheerful boy.

I went to Mr. Stone's house in Montgomery, Ill., a few weeks ago, and found Mrs. Stone, a mute woman, who has four good girls and boys. Her husband works in the *Herald* office in Annapolis, Ill. He is a good reporter.

Mr. C. L. Buchan went to Chicago last week, and visited his brother-in-law, Darlow, a lawyer. He stayed there one week. He did not intend to visit many mutes because he did not care for them. He wanted to see his oldest friends, Mr. and Mrs. Norris. He went to Rockford, Ill., last Monday night. He works in a furniture factory.

We removed to No. 407 East street last Monday. We have a larger and pleasant place. We shall have plenty of splendid grapes and apples. We are very fond of good mute company often.

I heard that Mr. Jacob Santer went to Chicago to see Mr. Buchan on the 4th of July, but was disappointed at finding him gone to Rockford.

Our fine baby loves to play with Harry. She has dark black hair, and eyes, and a rosy complexion.

Messrs. Pierce and Caniffman, mutes, went to Des Moines, Ia., last spring. They were educated in New York.

Rev. A. W. Mann ought to come and preach to mutes in Rockford this summer.

Mrs. Sarah Fancher visited lots of her friends in Plymouth, Ohio. She enjoyed her visit very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kuhn have a large farm and are very comfortably situated in Plymouth, O. His mother died last May. She died very suddenly. Mrs. Kuhn had a little girl born last February, but she lived only three weeks.

Mr. Ed. Conger, a mute, formerly of Fairfield, O., was married to Miss Nellie Hall May 8th. She is a nice, pleasant wife. We cannot attend the deaf and dumb convention at Columbus, O., next August because I am too busy making money. I heard that a gentleman took care of a good mute girl in Sycamore, Ill., last spring. She went to live with him in Morrison, Ill. Her name is Emma Taylor. She is a beautiful girl. She has no parents, sister or brother. She will go to school at Jacksonville next fall.

Respectfully yours,

JACOB E. TUTTLE.

## A PALMETTO WONDER.

A DUMB MAN SPEAKS—A DEAF MAN LISTENS TO MUSIC.

[Correspondence Greenville (S. C.) News.]

Allow me to inform your readers of a strange event which has recently taken place near our village. On the night of the 3d inst., the gift of speech was suddenly bestowed on a colored youth, twenty-three years of age, who had all his life been known as a deaf-mute by all of our older citizens.

Your Oak Lawn readers will remember Marcus, a deaf-mute boy, a former slave of Col. T. E. Ware, deceased.

Eight years ago Mr. Arnold, Col. E. T. Ware's son-in-law, removed to Mississippi. Just before his departure, Marcus disappeared. No one knew whither he had gone. His mother tried in vain to get information of his whereabouts. No tidings of him reached his home until the last day of June, when his return to the house of his uncle, Edward Jones, was as unexpected as his mysterious departure years before.

In the meantime he had learned to converse in writing, so that he found no trouble in communicating his history during his long absence from home. Nothing noteworthy occurred from Monday to Thursday, the 3d inst. On that afternoon he became extremely nervous and restless, "hearing" dreadful loud noises, and seeming as if his head would burst with pain.

This condition continued till after midnight. He then fainted; his extremities became cold, and his body was convulsed with violent paroxysms. After something more than an hour these symptoms relaxed, and he broke his lifelong silence by asking quite audibly, but not very distinctly, for a drink of water.

At intervals of about fifteen minutes during the night he continued to speak, saying almost anything he wished, but feeling fatigued after every effort.

On the 4th he spoke as occasion required, with increasing ease, freedom and clearness.

On Saturday, the 5th, with several other gentlemen, I visited him and conversed with him about an hour and a half. He had no difficulty in hearing all we said; and we noticed con-

siderable improvement in his articulation during the interview. At first he declined trying to pronounce the word "Williamston" because he said he could not pronounce it right; but, at the close of the interview, he inadvertently pronounced it very well.

The extent of his vocabulary, the clearness of his articulation, the correctness of his vowel sounds, the accuracy of his accentuation, and the general propriety of his language were matters of great astonishment to us all.

Sunday afternoon he heard his first music. He attended service at the colored Methodist church; and the singing, which was right vigorous, overpowered him. He could not realize the distinctions of the sounds, but it all seemed to him "like a loud noise, blown through a straight horn." After service he heard a young lady play some sacred pieces on the reed-organ, and, though he enjoyed it a little, it still "like a turn."

On Monday, while listening to the piano, he seemed greatly interested and professed to enjoy it; but it seemed to me, as I watched him, that he was more impressed with the quick movements of the hammers than with the tones of the instrument.

For the statement in connection with his strange attack on Thursday afternoon, I am indebted to Marcus himself and his uncle, Edward Jones, whose character for veracity is unusually fair in our community. As to the other points in the above narrative, there is no room for any doubt. He was a deaf-mute from his birth till he left here eight years ago. He seemed to be in the same condition when he returned last Monday week. He can hear and speak now as well as the majority of our people. How the wonderful change was brought about remains to be explained.

I am yours,  
S. LANDER.  
Williamston, S. C., July 9, 1879.

## THE POPE'S DEAF-MUTES.

[From the Christian Union.]

The new departure in the Catholic world, initiated by the installation of Leo XIII., is emphasized by two novel enterprises inspired directly from the Vatican—the one a book, whose English prospects are noteworthy by reason of the number of wealthy Catholic nobles whose names are conspicuous by their absence from the list of patrons; the other is a newspaper. For the present pope is as shrewdly aware as Mr. Tilden of the power of printer's ink, and met one of the first rebuffs since his election to the tiara in the refusal of Cardinal Nina to occupy the post head of the editorial department of the establishment, the benefits of which will extend, like the papal Easter benediction, *ubi et orbo*.

Balked of his wish that a cardinal should be chief of the staff, Leo nominated Monsignor Almondo to the general superintendence, and that prelate will now, subject to superior ecclesiastical direction, control the mightiest organ yet produced, and one unflinchingly obedient to mother church. The first number will be issued in August, and its polyglot character may be inferred from the fact that its seven columns to the page will be printed in a different language. Editorially, it will discuss, from the church point of view, all the political and economical questions of the day, and it will officially represent, if not announce, *ex cathedra*, the opinions of the holy see. Its composers will be the mutes educated and trained in the deaf and dumb asylum of San Pietro, and 42,000 subscribers (chiefly, of course, clerics) scattered throughout both hemispheres, await the publication of this voice of the church, which will convey to them directly its views on questions of the day in their mother tongues. Beyond all doubt, this outcome of the press will wield a vast influence for good or evil in both the Old and New Worlds, to which that exercised by the lithographed sheet of foreign politics circulated in London amongst journalists only, and paid for by secret-service money, cannot be compared.

## A WORD FOR OLD MAIDS.

Who are old maids? Never be afraid of becoming an "old maid," fair reader. An old maid is far more honorable than a heartless wife, and "single blessedness" is greatly superior in point of happiness to wedded life without love. "Fall not in love, dear girls, beware," says the song. But we do not agree with the song on that question. On the contrary we hold that it is good to fall in love if the loved object be a worthy one. To fall in love with an honorable man is as proper as it is for an honorable man to fall in love with a virtuous and amiable woman; and what could be a more gratifying spectacle, even to the angels in heaven, than a sight so pure—so approaching in its devotion to the celestial?

No, fall in love as soon as you please, ladies, provided it be with a suitable person. Fall in love, and then marry, but do not marry unless you love. That's the great point. Never marry merely for "a home" or "a husband." Never degrade yourself by becoming a party to such an alliance. Never sell yourself, body and soul, on terms so contemptible. Love dignifies all things; it ennobles all conditions. Without it the ceremony is a base fraud, and the act a human desecration. Marry for love, or not at all. Be an "old maid" if fortune throws not in your way the man of your heart; and though the witless may sneer, and the jester may laugh, you will still have your reward in an approving conscience and a comparatively peaceful life.

July 16, 1879.

## CONDENSED NEWS.

—Over 40,000 pounds of glycerine are used annually in the United States for mixing with beer.

—A Nevada mule was killed and dissected because it had swallowed ten twenty-dollar bills.

—Baron Rothschild's executors have paid over £5,000 bequests to Christian charities in London.

—Thousands of acres of timber have lately been destroyed by forest fires in Dinwiddie county, Va.

—The body of William Mead, of California, was found hanging in the woods near Washington, D. C.

—Bishop Harris, of the diocese of Michigan, is to have \$1,000 added to his salary, making it \$4,000.

—The wife of Tom Fields, of the Tweed ring notoriety, is an inmate of the Hudson River State Hospital, insane.

—H. D. Smith, a prominent business man, of Mincola, Long Island, died of hydrophobia, caused by a dog-bite.

—Yellow fever is prevailing to a considerable extent at Memphis and more or less at some other southern localities.

—The average annual income of the Presbyterian clergymen in Ireland is \$950, which is more than it is in the United States.

—It is rumored that the proprietors of the hotel at Manhattan Beach have made fools of themselves by declining to entertain Jewish guests.

—Abraham B. Coleman, of New York, founder and for many years owner and proprietor of the Burnet House, Cincinnati, O., died at Utica, July 22d, aged 67 years.

—A severe storm passed over Vermont and New Hampshire July 22d, destroying several buildings and injuring a number of people.

—President Hayes was at the tenth anniversary, July 30th, of the Ocean Grove Camp-Meeting Association, upon the invitation of Rev. Dr. Stokes, president of the association.

—Hempy & Co.'s planing mill at Cleveland, O., burned July 21st. Supposed to be the work of an incendiary. Loss, \$20,000. Two firemen were injured by falling walls.

—Fifty thousand Germans were in attendance at the German National Feast at its opening at Schutzen Park, New York, June 20th. The festivities continued through the week.

—The bill presented for transporting Lord Lorne and Princess Louise to Canada was \$10,000, but the colonial office refused to father it, and the Canadian treasurer has repudiated it.

—The New York Railroad has an engine that ran 80,000 miles without repairs, the Hudson River Railroad one that ran 100,000 miles, and the Delaware and Hudson one that ran 145,810.

—Some time ago three American locomotives were shipped to Australia, and orders have been received for more. They are found to be superior to those imported from England, and to require less fuel.

—A despatch received at Winnipeg from Fort Ellis stated that there were 400 Indians there starving and that their number was being daily increased. A band of 300 was reported within a few days' march of Fort Ellice, unable to proceed further on account of weakness.

—The ship St. Bernards, which left New York June 27th for Antwerp, was lost on the banks off the coast of Flushing, Belgium. The captain, pilot, and five men were drowned. The survivors were landed at Flushing. The ship was 1,600 tons burthen and was owned by W. D. Lovitt, of Yarmouth, N. S.

—A grand temperance movement has been started in England. A company has been organized, with a capital of £1,000,000, for the purpose of establishing cheap coffee houses throughout the city of London and other large towns to take the place of the liquor shops. The prospect of success is very promising.

—Joseph Lambert, a woodman, and family, living six miles above Wolf Point agency, Missouri River, were attacked by Indians July 20th. Lambert, his wife, and four children were killed and scalped. Two other children were wounded and cannot recover, and one little girl was carried into captivity.

—All the hands on the canal boat W. N. Britton, bound from Buffalo for New York, were poisoned by eating corned beef before reaching Brockport, at which place the boat had to be tied up for the sick persons to be treated by a physician. Although very sick, and narrowly escaping death, at last accounts they were likely to recover.

—Elizabeth and Anna Trowbridge, of Hyde Park, one of Chicago's southern suburbs, committed suicide by hanging. After the tragedy was committed it was discovered that the other sister, Nina, also contemplated suicide. The three sisters lived alone and had lived in high style for the past few years, but had lately seen trouble.

—A special despatch from St. Kough to Deadwood, Dak., stated that an engagement took place near the mouth of Beaver Creek on the 17th inst. between two companies of troops and Lieutenant Clark's Indian scouts of General Miles' command and 300 hostile Sioux. The troops lost four Indian scouts killed and two soldiers were wounded. When General Miles' main column, which was twelve miles behind, came up the Indians were pursued fifteen miles, but made their escape to Sitting Bull's camp.

## RE-UNION PICNIC.

The deaf-mutes of Maryland will hold a Re-Union Picnic August 14th in Grove No. 3, Drail Hill Park, Baltimore city.

Deaf-mutes from every part of the State are expected to be present, and deaf-mutes from other States are respectfully invited to attend.

This picnic promises to be a very pleasant affair, and old friends and schoolmates will have an opportunity of seeing each other again, such as is rarely offered.

BALTIMOREAN.

## REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

July	27	- - -	Cleveland, O.
August	3	- - -	Chicago, Ill.
"	10	- - -	New York.
"	17	- - -	"
"	24	- - -	Columbus, O.
"	27	- - -	Buffalo, N. Y.
"	31	- - -	Cleveland, O.
Sept.	2	- - -	Akron, O.
"	5	- - -	Evansville, Ind.
"	7	- - -	Indianapolis, Ind.
"	14	- - -	Cleveland, O.
"	21	- - -	St. Louis, Mo.
"	22	- - -	Convent'n, St. Joseph, Mo.

66¢ A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense.